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Looking Forward

ANY AGREEMENT BETWEEN MEN must, of necessity, be based primarily on a measure of belief in the other fellow. For without that belief, even the idea of an agreement is precluded. What is more, the less a man believes in the good faith of another, the poorer and more limited bargain he is likely to drive with him. Suspicion is no producer of workable, generous contracts. It gets no worthwhile results.

BASICALLY, THIS IS WHAT has always been the matter with international dealings. It wrecked the success of the League of Nations in this country, and has marred most attempts at agreement since. To judge from newspaper reports quoting congressmen's speeches, it may even wreck President Hoover's efforts to reach a generous and fair understanding with Ramsay MacDonald.

WELL, THE DAY WAS when the farmer distrusted the "City feller." He didn't know him. The City man, in turn, for the same reason, distrusted Wall Street and all bankers. Wall Street distrusted all foreigners. Such a world was run on suspicion. And a natural result of suspicion is war.

TODAY, WE ARE slowly growing aware that any man or nation who merely despises any other has a limited mind—which is one way of defining a fool. Intelligent familiarity has bred, not contempt, but understanding of others, and a sympathy with their difficulties. Great Britain, at Geneva, represented by a Labor Party, has evinced a willingness to discard provincialism and suspicion that must elicit the admiration of all fair-minded men.

IT IS PECULIARLY THE OBLIGATION of Americans, regardless of party or section, to reinforce President Hoover's efforts to reach an understanding that will prove America willing to play the game on the same basis. We are willing to venture much to win wars. We should be willing to venture precisely as much to win peace.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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Ewing Galloway

A street in Bethlehem

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Outlook
and Independent

October 2, 1929

The Paradox in Palestine

By MARION WEINSTEIN

It seems clear, paradoxically speaking, that the situation in Palestine is a good deal of a muddle; and, says the author, "it is only in America, respected in Palestine for her fair play as well as her wealth... that mediators of the right type can be found to build the working peace vital to both the Arabs and the Jews." Miss Weinstein writes from first-hand knowledge of the complex causes of the recent outbreak there. She is one of the editors of "The Day"

BRITISH AIRPLANES fly over Palestine. Mobile military units patrol its ancient cities and modern colonies. These instruments and symbols of Western power are putting the fear of Brittannia into Moslem hearts and restoring in Jewish minds some measure of confidence. But this leashed force can only make for temporary armed truce. Great Britain, which holds the mandate for the Holy Land from the League of Nations, is still squarely faced with the basic problem in Palestine: to find a way to a working peace between the 600,000 Arabs and the 165,000 Jews whose destinies—whether they wish it or not—are inescapably spun together.

After a decade of temporizing and compromising, not only Great Britain, but the Jews and the Arabs as well, are forced to cope with the complex realities in the most complicated strip of habitation on earth. The recent bloodshed in Palestine makes further ostrich tactics utterly impossible. Had all these three parties whose interests for the present are so intertwined grasped the nettles of reality in the Holy Land when the Balfour Declaration was issued in 1917 by Great Britain—assuring the Jews a homeland on the ancient site of their people without prejudicing the rights of Moslems and Christians settled in the country—there would have been no Jewish martyrs in 1920, in 1921 or in 1929.

Great Britain has preferred to sidestep the Oriental puzzle which is the problem of Palestine and to trust to her traditional method of "muddling through." The leaders of the Zionist movement among the Jews, the movement responsible for the whole homeland project, have followed the line of least resistance.

The tension in Palestine which has led during the last decade to many thwarted attacks of the Arabs upon the Jews and to several open outbreaks can be traced back to the day when well-meaning British and Jewish statesmen, with little knowledge of actual conditions in the Near East, met to decide the political fate of Palestine. Their logic was based upon paper facts. The Arabs of Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia and Arabia were to their minds one people with one leader, Emir Feisul, the eldest son of the King of the Hedjaz in Arabia. But over in the Near East were human facts. The Arabs of each of these countries were cherishing separate national aspirations. If both the Zionists and the British had been able—it was 1917 and war time—to go to the Near East to study the complicated situation there, the Balfour Declaration would have proved a constructive measure for the Jews and the Arabs and the British as well. Instead, it remains to this day, just above the earth, the football of Arab-Jewish-British politics.

What are the thorny realities in Palestine? What are the hard facts that make for constant friction between the Moslems and the Jews, fellow Semites?

Palestine is a land of paradoxes. Little there is what it seems and the newcomer feels like Alice in Wonderland. For the first few weeks he walks in and out of mental mirages. After months of careful investigation he has the sense of having seen only glimpses of truth as with a flashlight. Facts are as veiled in the Holy Land for his eyes as the Moslem's lady. He learns that one can move fastest in circles and to waste time is in the end to save it. Prejudice and passion and intrigue charge the atmosphere. Nowhere is there less peace than in Jerusalem, City of Peace. Nowhere is there more unholy strife than in the Holy Land where Orthodox Jew quarrels with his liberal brother, Latin Christian with Greek Christian and Moslem with them all. In such a land add the nervous, impatient, aggressive Jewish immigrant and the blunt, single-minded British soldier-official and introduce a few Orientalized Englishmen in places of power, and combustion is Nature's answer.

Let us look at the paradox of the tiny country's population where the seemingly weak Moslem majority are strong enough to make pogroms and to force the mightiest modern nation, Great Britain, to watch its step and where the reputedly strong Jewish minority, backed by some fifteen million co-religionists the world over, are practically defenseless and helpless.

Palestine's 600,000 Arabs, who are Moslems with the exception of a few

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thousand Christians, are a backward people, mostly illiterates and in many cases pitifully poor. Trachoma, syphilis and malaria have ravaged their vitality. Their attitude toward life is almost purely fatalistic, best expressed in their favorite remark: "Ma'aleesh?" —"What does it matter?"—or as the Americans in the Jewish battalion in Palestine in post-Armistice days used to translate it: "I should worry!"

This mass of peasants—fellaheen—is ruled unofficially by an oligarchy of suave, cultivated landowners—effendis—notables whom they serve unquestioningly. (It is an interesting paradox within a paradox that at one time the Jewish land laborers tried to organize their Moslem fellow workers against the "exploitation" of Jewish employers.) At the peak of the effendis' power is the leading family, the Husseinis, tracing their descent from Mohammed. It is from this clan that the Grand Mufti, the religious head of all the Moslems in Palestine, is chosen.

Scattered among this Arab majority is the Jewish minority, infinite in variety, progressive, independent even of its own leadership, backed by the good will and more or less sporadic but dependable aid of the fifteen million Jews outside of Palestine. We see living in a nerve-racking proximity, in a land the size of New Jersey and just beginning to recover from four hundred years of Turkish despoliation, a majority in the alarming darkness of ignorance and a minority suddenly exposed to the blinding light of freedom after centuries of repression and oppression.

Jewry in Palestine today is a museum of nations. Here the anthropologist could study the effect of every civilization on the Jew in exile from his homeland. Every country, east and west, is represented. And this conglomerate Jewry is divided and subdivided into countless factions, reflecting all the religious and political and social currents in the world. There are more political parties to the square mile in Palestine than there are in our whole Empire State. Politics, not religion, is the passion of the new Palestine.

The Jewish settlement in the Holy Land is the result of distinct waves of immigration. First and in small numbers came the pious Orthodox Jews from the Ghettos of Europe to die on hallowed soil, where, in their final resting place on the slopes of the Mount of Olives in Jerusalem, they might await Judgment Day in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. They found in Palestine strange brother Jews of the Orient, from Georgia, from Bokhara, from Yemen, who knew no Yiddish, the Jewish Esperanto of the exile, but prayed, as they did, in Biblical Hebrew. In the generation before the World War, a new wave of immigration reached Palestine. Jews in their prime came to live in the Holy Land and to strike roots there for their children's children. They built up fifty colonies with the aid of Baron Edmond de Rothschild, the Zionist organization, the Baron de Hirsch fund and other Jewish colonizing agencies. They were bourgeois Jews who became eventually small landowners. Their heroism in founding a modern Jewish settlement in the face of cruel odds is a shining page in Jewish history.

Underwood

JEWISH TYPES IN JERUSALEM

A bone of contention between the Arabs and Jews in Jerusalem

The Arabs in Palestine have always been friendly with these two types of Jews, whom they call "the real Jews." Their common enemy was the Moslem Turk, who crushed them with graft and taxation. That is why the Moslem Arabs as well as the Jews hailed the Christian British as their deliverers and even sought to find in General Allenby's coming the fulfillment of a Moslem prophecy, interpreting his name as "Allah Neby," prophet of Allah.

The Jewish immigrants of the post-War decade have been made of sterner stuff. They are typically Western, independent and aggressive, fearless in thought and action. They have burned their bridges behind them. They came to Palestine wholeheartedly as pioneers prepared to do spade work. The colonies in which they are found are co-operative or communistic in the real sense of the word. Compared to the meek pious Jew of the oldest settlement and the middle-class Jew of the Rothschild colonies, they are radicals.

It is the few extremists among these latest immigrants that incense the Arabs. They indulge in wild talk of "Jewish rights" and "claims" and "force" that would be "hot air" in Hyde Park, London, or in Union Square, New York. In Palestine it is tinder. To the illiterate Arabs the loudest talker is the mightiest man. Incited by agitators with their own ends to serve, the poor, befuddled Moslem peasant is inflamed against all Jewish immigrants and in moments of crisis against all Jews.

There is another source of fear among the Arabs in the religious attitude of the Jewish immigrants of the last twenty-five years. The Moslems understand and respect the bearded, earlocked pious Jew in his kaftan and fur-bordered turban who serves Jehovah, their Allah; they are terrified, as the pious Jews are embittered, by the strange Western god, Nationalism, for whom the later Jewish pioneers live and die. The abstract ideals of the younger Jews, the emphasis on Hebrew ethics rather than ritual, on schools rather than synagogues are beyond their understanding. This gives rise to another paradox in Palestine. The Moslem

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Arabs are railing against the Zionists' drift from traditional Judaism. That is why the recent outbreak in Palestine was anything but a holy or religious war. It began with a clash with a few young Nationalist hotheads in Jerusalem, parading with Zionist flags and crying in Western fashion: "Down with the British Administration!" "Down with the Zionist Executive!" "Let us take the Wailing Wall!" If the Arab but knew the truth, he would realize that these extremists, who want to build a Jewish homeland in a day, by force if necessary, are even more of a trial to the responsible Zionist leaders and the British authorities than they could ever be to the Moslems.

Arab naïvete has, in general, misled the Moslems in the Holy Land to dangerous ideas of Jewish aims and aspirations. We of the West are familiar with the verbal fireworks of campaigns and celebrations. We discount ballyhoo. We know that leaders of every modern movement must fire the imagination of the crowd to coax the dollars from the coffers. We know that the orator at a mass meeting can permit himself flights of fancy that the leader of his cause cannot afford to hear and that the audience forgets easily. In the East, however, talk, unveiled, is taken at its face value. To the Oriental mind a man who is bold enough to speak without circumlocution must mean what he says to the last word.

Jewish leaders in the early days of the Balfour Declaration gave free rein to their Occidental-Oriental imaginations and their own impassioned words have come home again and again, to their chagrin, to roost on their doorsteps. Zionist spokesmen talked of a "Jewish State" already functioning in the Zionist Commission in Palestine. There was speculation as to governors and cabinet ministers for the new Judea. Even the most responsible Zionist said in a burst of enthusiasm at a Zionist Congress: "Palestine will ultimately be just as Jewish as America is American and England is English." The late Israel Zangwill, foremost English-Jewish author, who was, as a matter of fact, in disfavor with the Zionists and entirely outside their councils, proposed at that time a heroic measure of race redistribution. The Arabs of Palestine should be induced "to trek" to Mesopotamia and Arabia "peacefully, profitably and with their full consent." I recall how simple a solution it seemed as the white-haired Jewish champion outlined it to me in his home in East Preston, England, shortly after the Armistice, before I had seen Palestine. By the time I reached the Holy Land I found that Arabs, evidently untrained reporters, had lifted the words "to trek" from Zangwill's published manifesto without the all-important phrase, "with their full consent." No mention was made of the fact that Dr. Chaim Weizmann, President of the World Zionist organization had said about the same time to 5000 Jews at a London meeting: "It is unwise and unjust to ask the Peace Conference for a Jewish state." The word "unjust" should have allayed all Arab fears.

If the Arab is perplexed and alarmed by the newer elements in Palestine Jewry, imagine the unenviable position of the British official compelled to walk the tightrope between the Moslem and the Jew.

He comes to the Holy Land with little knowledge of the intricate East and the facts about Zionism, a simple soldier bent on keeping order. At once the Arabs line up with all sorts of petitions. He learns that there are Christian and Moslem Arabs, settled Arabs and floating Arabs. Then the Jewish petitions begin. He turns to the Jews at first as a familiar folk. He has known some of them in England. Jews are Jews and Westerners, he reasons. But what does he find? Orthodox Jews who are not Zionists and Zionists who are Orthodox Jews; laborites, left, right and center; general Zionists and left and right wing Zionists; Zionist Revisionists, left and right winged again; bourgeois Jews, communistic Jews and co-operative Jews. Jews are not only English and Russian and every other known nationality of the West but also Georgians and Bokharians and Abyssinians and Yemenites. If he received the Chief Rabbi today, he learns tomorrow that this holy man is only the religious head of the Ashkenazim, the Occidental Jews; there is another Chief Rabbi, the head of the Sephardim, the Oriental Jews. And on the third day he is told that the real spiritual head of the Orthodox Jews in Palestine is a certain sage, Rabbi Chaim Sonnenfeld.

Not only the Arabs but the British officials in Palestine need to be enlightened as to the facts about Zionism and Jewish aims inside and outside of the homeland. The tact and patience required for such a basic task cannot be expected of the post-War Jewish immigrants in Palestine. Their harrowing experiences in their native lands in Eastern Europe, swept by waves of anti-Semitism, has left them spirit-scarred. Their sensibilities are raw and their minds complex-burdened. It is only in America, respected in Palestine for her fair play as well as her wealth, where a generation of security has purged the Jews of the soils of persecution and healed their psychic hurts, that mediators of the right type can be found to build the working peace vital to both the Arabs and the Jews in Palestine. As far back as 1919, the Italian member of the Zionist Commission in Jerusalem, Commandante Angelo Levi-Bianchini, a War hero who in 1921 fell a martyr to a Bedouin band in Palestine, suggested in an interview he gave me that all Jewish immigrants from Europe to the homeland be sent to America for a few years to imbibe her spirit of tolerance and fair play.

The pioneers in Palestine are still under the compulsion of Jewish immi-

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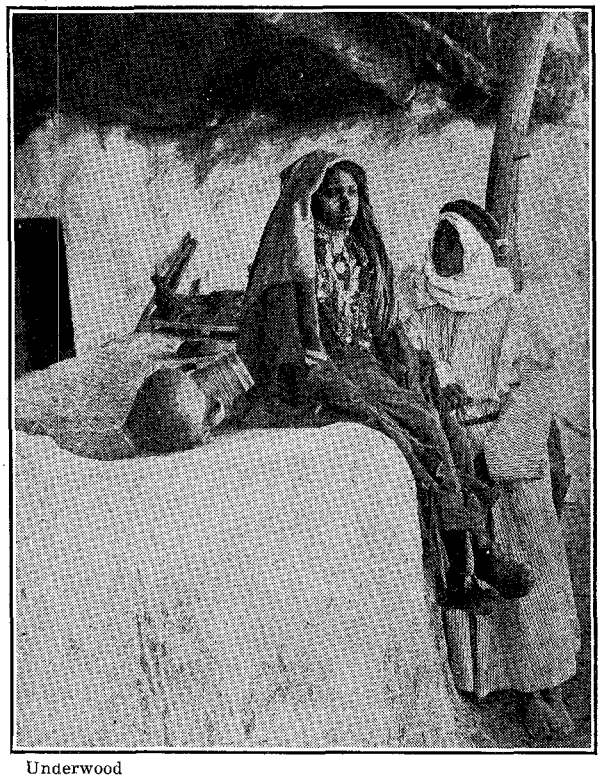

Underwood

Bedouin Bride and Groom

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Miss Wills and Mr. Tilden

A Study in Contrast

By JOHN R. TUNIS

What makes for the great popularity of one and the present unpopularity of the other? One of the best known commentators on the world of sport here assays two of its brightest stars. Hereafter Mr. Tunis will be a regular contributor

IT SO HAPPENS that I am an omnivorous reader of any and all material dealing with sports in books, magazines and newspapers. Even were it not my business to follow sports professionally I should still read as I do because it stimulates and amuses me; no journal in the world, no not even the London *Observer*, gives me more pleasure than the Paris *Auto*, that superb daily which takes the place of the sporting pages of our own press, dealing as it does exclusively with the sports of the day. I am therefore enabled to follow the Tour de France with as much interest as the pennant race in the National League or the latest doings of Mr. R. T. Jones, and I am continually coming across bits of odd information tucked away here and there in foreign periodicals which give one a queer sidelight into our sports at home. Sometimes they are just a bit too true to be flattering.

While glancing over a number of that excellent little magazine, *Tennis und Golf*, of Berlin, the other day, I came across a sentence which surprised me, however. It was referring to the visit of Miss Wills to Germany somewhat earlier in the year, and in so doing the writer remarked:—

"Her game is as untrue as her personality."

Those lines were all the more timely because that very afternoon we had seen a most amazing demonstration upon the center court at Forest Hills, where in the finals of an American championship an American crowd had cheered the shots and the games of an English woman while greeting the best efforts of Miss Wills in comparative silence. What, I wondered, was the reason for this? And why was it that several weeks later on the same turf I was to watch Mr. W. T. Tilden, who is fast falling from his place as the greatest tennis player in the world, cheered to the echo by the largest gallery of the year?

An interesting phenomenon. Interesting because what took place at Forest Hills was exactly the same thing that passed before my astonished eyes in Paris in May and at Wimbledon in June. Upon the historic Center Court at Wimbledon, which is surrounded by the most knowledgeable and sportsmanlike audience that watches the game anywhere in the world, the cooling in feeling toward Miss Wills was only too evident. Here she was, a modest, a charming, an attractive young lady doing what no other woman player had ever done before, surpassing the record even of the mighty Lenglen by winning the championships of France, of England and the United States for the second time in succession. Truly an amazing feat. Yet as she won the final point of that match against her teammate, Miss Helen Jacobs, the English gallery of fifteen thousand people gave her applause, polite and attentive applause, yes, but applause and nothing more. This mind you, for the champion of champions, for one of the greatest if not the very greatest player of her sex at the peak of her career. Sporting history was in the making there before our eyes at the cool and competent hands of this young lady, and yet her meet was simply applause. Whereas Tilden.....

Wide World

HELEN WILLS

A business woman of the tennis courts

Tilden was playing Henri Cochet, the giant killer. He had been beaten before by the great little Frenchman and he was being beaten again, badly beaten. The last point was over, the rush to the net and the handshake was finished, and then Tilden with that peculiar gesture which is his alone, scooped up his sweater and his extra racquets from the ground beside the umpire's chair and started to run off the court after what was the worst defeat he had received since he started to play championship lawn tennis. Did the crowd applaud? They did not. They rose to their feet, those cold and reserved English, they rose to their feet and cheered, literally cheered, men, women and children. Old time observers afterward informed me that it was the most remarkable demonstration Wimbledon had ever witnessed.

Now what is the reason for all this? Why should the feeling of London and Berlin and Paris be so exactly duplicated in New York, why on earth should Mr. Tilden, who is fast losing his hold on lawn tennis, who is rapidly losing his place in the front rank of the game, be so popular, whereas Miss Wills, who is playing almost as no woman has ever played and who stands today as no woman ever stood in the game is, to be blunt, unpopular? Why should players like Tilden and Borotra, who are actors first and foremost, be the

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favorites of the crowd, whereas Miss Wills and Cochet, who are pretty much alone in their respective classes, do not receive anything like the same affection from the sporting millions?

Well, the answer is easy, and it is this. In The Last Analysis You Cannot Fool The Sporting Public.

Why this is so I do not know; but so it is. By little gestures, by mannerisms in action, by an expression of the face in a critical moment of a match, by everything and by nothing the sporting crowd reads character. Just as we cannot fool our children, just as our children know us for the lazy, vain, selfish creatures that we are, so the crowd at heart knows its idols, knows them and their faults and their virtues. You cannot conceal your real being from ten thousand people all through a bitter five set match; some time or other, at some point your real self shines through for the crowd to see. And the crowd does see because you cannot fool the sporting crowd. That is the secret of the popularity of Mr. Babe Ruth, not merely the fact that he can hit home runs; but the fact that when some one handed him a brown derby as he shuffled up to the plate in the middle of a disastrous batting slump, he had sense of humor enough to clap it on his head. In other words he was genuine. It is the thing which makes the average taxicab driver prefer Dempsey to Tunney even though he could not tell you why; instinctively he realizes that Tunney is a poseur and he dislikes him for it just as he likes Ruth for his crass sincerity.

And that, I believe, is the reason for the popularity of Mr. Tilden and the unpopularity of Miss Wills today. Instinctively the gallery recognizes the sincerity of Mr. Tilden, they realize that the game is his life and that he has given himself to lawn tennis, that he loves it, revels in it, that on the court he is the artist supreme. Such an artist that he will try for a difficult shot at a critical moment of a match merely for the sheer joy of artistry, for the happiness it gives him as an artist to produce this effect. Miss Wills, on the other hand, they see as a business woman upon the courts, as a mechanical marvel reducing her adversaries to sawdust in as short a time as possible, asking no quarter and giving none. Business efficiency of the Twentieth Century translated into sport. All this the crowd sees, knows unconsciously, and unconsciously also they turn away from Helen Wills to William Tilden.

Photopress

WILLIAM TILDEN
Artist of the tennis courts

Please do not make the mistake of interpreting these remarks as my own opinions. What I am attempting to explain is an issue of fact, not my personal prejudices. Actually there have been many times when Mr. Tilden's histrionics upon the court did not appeal to me, when it was an immense relief to turn to the cool, suave bearing of Miss Wills. But yet. . . . . I remember just one little act in the last national championships that was so typically Tildenesque, such a piece of sheer boyish bravado that it conquered you completely, it won your heart no matter how you happen to stand on the Tilden question. During his match against Mr. Doeg in the semi-finals, the champion went in for the customary rest two sets to one behind, from every appearance a weary and a beaten man. Ten minutes later he came out on the court impeccably groomed in fresh shirt and flannels, smoking a cigarette. It was the cigarette which got you. You knew it to be a pose, to be a flourish and nothing more; but it appealed to you for that very human weakness it betrayed.

The curious thing is that in theory Mr. Tilden has never been and is not today a popular champion. As in the days when he used to dispute those terrific matches with Mr. Johnston he always starts with the crowd against him. But little by little you can observe them swing around to his side, they sense his greatness, they perceive his love for the game which he can so plainly betray, they realize his genius (a much abused word, that, but surely it fits) and his majesty on the court, and they end by giving him their favors—favors all the greater if as at Wimbledon his star is in the decline before triumphant youth. It was much the same with Mademoiselle Lenglen. Off the court she was the subject of much bitter criticism; in action she conquered every one by the greatness of her personality. Players like Monsieur Lacoste and Miss Wills are almost too perfect, they are so perfect in their art that they are uninteresting. Mademoiselle Lenglen and Mr. Tilden are the players of inspiration; Monsieur Lacoste and Miss Wills are players fashioned by the machine.

Now if there is one match of lawn tennis that will always stand out in my mind as the greatest match I have ever seen it will be the Lenglen-Wills contest at Cannes in February of 1926. There Miss Wills was distinctly popular, there she won entirely the affection of the gallery. She was not in those days a young lady dressed by Mr. Patou, she was a schoolgirl from California in a white skirt and a middy blouse. She was not the self possessed champion of champions, she was a courageous and plucky kid tackling an older and wiser opponent in the territory of the enemy. And so completely did she spend herself and so plainly did she show the exhaustion and the agony to which she was subjected, that I think every one about that court, French and American, felt their heart go out to her that morning.

Time passes. One must pay for everything, even for becoming the greatest player of lawn tennis in the world. Alas the Miss Wills of 1926 is

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The Backwash of Battle

A Hospital Unit on the Western Front

By FREDERICK A. POTTLE

When the Second and Third Divisions were sent in at Belleau Woods there was no American military hospital service behind them. It had been agreed that the French Sixth Army, with which they were serving, should provide the necessary hospitalization; but it developed that they were largely unable to keep the agreement. Evacuation Hospital No. 8 was hurried across France to play its part in that extremely desperate battle. The scene is the College de Juilly, now close-packed with wounded and dying men

NO QUARTERS have as yet been prepared for us, and it is imperative that we waste no time hunting for any. We drop our packs on the beautiful green lawn, where a line of our great brown ward tents is later to stand, and sit down on the grass to snatch a hasty dinner. Within thirty minutes of our arrival we are all at work. Our officers, indeed, who preceded us to town, have been in the operating rooms some time, having taken only time enough to scrub up. We are told off into details, pretty much at random, and assigned for duty in the receiving ward, the operating rooms, the surgical wards, to dig graves and bury the dead; in short, to perform all the multifarious tasks of a large evacuation hospital jammed with wounded.

Let us follow some of these men as they get their first impressions of war surgery. The separate glimpses will be confused, but the very confusion will make the picture more adequate. Our first man is assigned to Ward D. Ward D, he finds, is a detached building in the corner of the lawn, facing the great building with the statue of the Virgin at its peak. He goes up the steps, crosses a narrow entry, and looks in. What a strange room—large and bare, with the further end elevated like a stage. It *is* a stage. The place was evidently the theatre of the school. Now it is filled with cots; not only the floor, but even the stage, from which all the scenery has been stripped. The cots are lined up as thick as they will go, with only the narrowest alleys for walking between, and every cot has a wounded man on it. After all, the place looks a little more like a civilian hospital than he had expected. The beds are made up with sheets, covered, to be sure, with the inevitable army blankets, but the men have been completely undressed and clothed in various styles of Red Cross hospital shirts—short white gowns with loose sleeves, tying with strings at the back. It is in the only too obvious evidence of terrible wounds that one realizes that this is a war hospital. Here lies a fair-haired boy of eighteen or so, his eyes closed, his neck and shoulder exposed to show a great bulky wad of bandage over the stump of an arm amputated near the shoulder. Here is an older man, haggard, unshaven, and ugly, his knees drawn up over his distended stomach, a look of peculiar and characteristic agony on his face. He has a severe wound of the abdomen, and has not much longer to suffer. He struggles to repress the frequent coughing fits which tear him with pain. He is continually calling out something in a language that is not English. There are some French wounded here, but the card tied to the head of his cot shows that he is an American, an immigrant who enlisted before he had mastered the language of his adopted country. There is a black-haired youngster who has lost his leg above the knee.

The majority of the others have suffered less severely, but there is not a man here who has not escaped death scores of times in the last week by the narrowest of margins. Some of them are babbling in delirium, some shouting and cursing as they fight their way out of the ether dream in which they are reënacting the horror of the trenches, some in their right minds, gaily talking and joking, but the most lie in a half-waking stupor, the inevitable reaction to days of hunger, fatigue, the nervous strain of incessant deadly peril, and, finally, the shock of severe wounds, ether, and surgical operations. They have been for days without food; they have lain for hours in shallow holes with shells bursting every moment within inches of them and inflicting sudden and awful death among their comrades; their ears have been deafened with noise which in itself would produce prostration; they have walked unprotected straight into the murderous hail of machine-gun bullets; they have fought hand-to-hand with bayonets, in duels where the only possible outcome was either victory or death. These are the wounded marines from Belleau Woods. One's first shock of surprise comes from finding them so young. Most of these wounded men are boys of the age of college freshmen or a little older, boys of magnificent physique, but preserving still in contour of limb and downy cheek the grace of boyhood. The beauty of their faces is only enhanced by suffering. They have not yet wasted away with weeks of torture. Their faces are smooth and round, though drained of all color, and their pallor makes their eyes stand out with extraordinary clearness. They are now touchingly brave, self-sacrificing, grateful. Weeks in hospital will sap their courage. They will become emaciated and fretful, calling out querulously, cringing at a touch. The hot room is pervaded with that indescribable but unforgettable atmosphere of an army hospital: fumes of ether, the heavy stench of gas gangrene and putrid infections, like the odor of decaying cabbage, and, strongest of all, the reek of chlorine from dressings wet with Dakin solution.

Some of this the new man has taken in as he stands in the door. He is not overcome with horror. He does not feel faint, even. Things are happening too fast for him to think of himself at all. He is moving in an existence apart from his own, like that of a dream. An army nurse, who was stooping over one of the patients, rises and comes to him. She is the first woman in uniform with whom he has ever had anything to do, and in the past months he has seen so little of women that her near proximity moves him strangely. He sees that she is ready to drop with fatigue. Her hair is escaping from under her cap, her face is gray and suffused with perspiration. She is so glad to see him that she nearly cries. During the last four days, this hospital has given surgical

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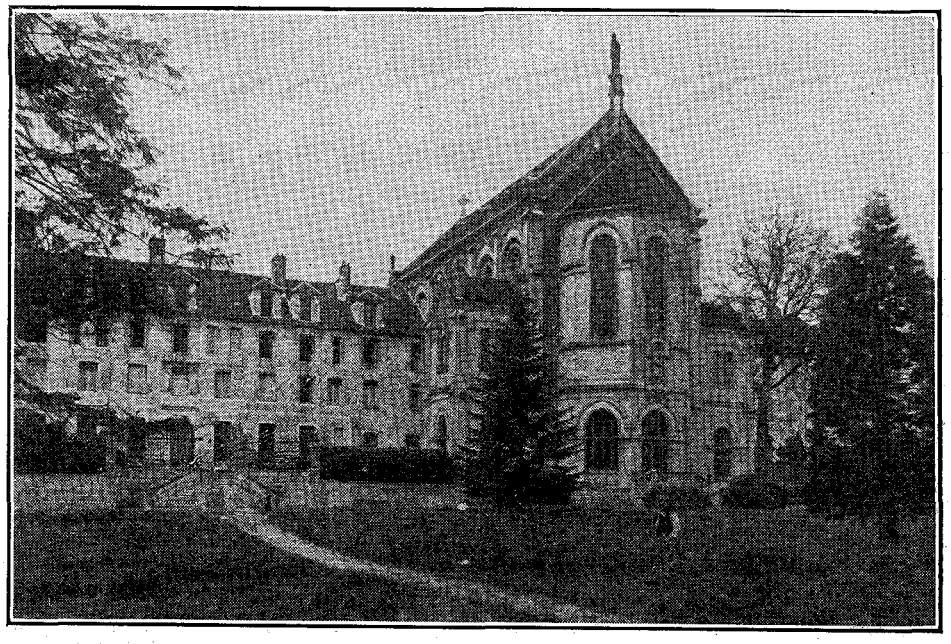
attention to nearly two thousand desperately wounded men. On June 2, it had only the personnel of a Red Cross base hospital of about 250 beds: two surgeons, twenty Red Cross nurses, a few civilian employees from the village, and, for transporting patients, half a dozen Annamite boys and a handful of French soldiers unfit for service at the front. The surgical force has been augmented by several hastily gathered teams, and day before yesterday these army nurses arrived. But the men available to lift and carry the wounded men (neither operating room is on the ground floor) were exhausted long ago, and there have been no proper replacements. Surgeons and nurses have been carrying litters in addition to their proper duties. For the last four days hardly any one at Juilly has worked less than twenty hours a day.

There is no time now for chat. "Oh," says the nurse to our enlisted man, "will you please help me take care of a man who has just died?" He follows her to a cot well up the aisle on the right. The man who has just died bears no mark on his peaceful face. He looks as though he might be asleep. Under the direction of the nurse the new assistant takes off the shirt, which can be used again. The dead man has to be turned on his side to unfasten it; the flesh of his bare back is as warm as the hand which touches it. They wrap the long comely figure in the sheet, securing it with a strip or two of bandage. This man is so tall that the sheet will not cover him, and they pull a pillowcase on over his feet. Another enlisted man has meanwhile come in, and the two get the body on a stretcher and carry it to the morgue. From the driveway they pass into a wide cobbled court, with buildings on all four sides, under a quaint old clock tower on the opposite side, into a corridor, and at last into a small bare whitewashed room. There has been no time to bury the dead, and some thirty long rigid white bundles lie here on stretchers, placed side by side on the floor. It will take many applications of chloride of lime and whitewash to remove the traces of the odor of mortal decay which assails one's nostrils long before he reaches the door of this room.

Or perhaps our man was sent instead to Ward E, the great room beneath the chapel, which is on the second floor under the statue of the Virgin and Child. This was of old the "Salle des Bustes," as we should say a memorial hall—a long, beautiful room with waxed floor, around the walls of which are ranged upon pedestals the busts of famous men. There are fine stained-glass windows and memorial tablets, including, in the most conspicuous position at the end of the room, a great marble slab to the memory of the graduates of the college who fell in the Franco-Prussian War. In the little alcove on the right lies a solitary patient, a French aviator who was burned in the crash of his plane. His body is not much marked, but his face is so charred that none of the features are distinguishable, and his hands are burned to mere stumps. Thin strips of gauze wet with some antiseptic solution cover his face, but not so completely that one cannot see the horror of his condition. His sense of hearing is acute, and as any one comes up to his bed he begins to murmur in a faint, hoarse whisper, the hole where his lips should be puffing up the edges of the gauze. He is asking in French for something. It sounds like "morphine." Is it morphine? "Non! non!" says the whisper passionately, "pas morphine!" We cannot make him out, and try to tell him that we will call one of the French nuns.

Ward G is at the farthest distance from the operating rooms, above a fine cloister, up a steep and narrow flight of stairs. It was the children's dormitory and their little iron cots are still there. In the center of the room is a sort of trough, with running water, where they washed their faces of a morning. None of the beds are long enough for a six-foot marine; you must push their heads through the high open head of the cot until their feet clear, and then stick their feet out through the foot. It would be a laughable sight, were it not so pathetic, those rows of blanket-wrapped feet sticking out into the aisle, some motionless, some vigorously wiggling and getting uncovered.

Other men have gone to work in the operating rooms. To get there they enter the first building by the gate, climb a broad stone stair, turn at a landing, and come out at the entrance of Ward B. Ward A is on the floor above. Beyond, on the corridor, are the X-ray rooms. Men in litters, undressed and wrapped in blankets, are lying on the floor waiting for their turns in the dark room. Ward B, which I suppose was formerly a recitation hall, is a long narrow room, divided down the center by a partition filled with arches. There is a double row of beds on each side of the partition, lined up with heads to the wall. Ward A is much the same kind of place. These are the best-equipped wards of all, and were probably the only ones in regular use from the time the College was overrun with French wounded in 1914 until Belleau Woods. Many of the beds are fitted with elaborate frameworks of wood ("Balkan frames") for the proper treatment of fractures. Men with broken thighs lie here for weeks—even months—flat on their backs, the broken limbs kept under constant tension by heavy weights. At the end of the ward is a little anteroom to the operating room. Evacuation Eight has



Chapel and Salle des Bustes of the College de Juilly

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not yet organized its receiving service so efficiently as it will later, when the men will come up to the operating room already undressed and with their wounds prepared for operation. The floor here is covered with litters on which lie the men just as they came from the ambulances, fully clothed with boots, puttees, breeches, shirt, and blouse, often with their steel helmets on their breasts and their gas masks beside them. Into one of the buttonholes of the blouse or shirt is tied a linen tag giving the man's name, his serial number and company, the treatment which he has thus far received, and from what medical unit. On their foreheads, standing out with startling distinctness on the white skin, are letters in iodine; always "T," and sometimes "M." These indicate the administration of morphine and antitetanic serum.

The first thing to do is to get their clothes off. Puttees come off first, then muddy shoes, tattered and bloody breeches, blouse, shirt, underwear. Much of it must be cut off to avoid bending wounded arms and legs. In spite of their pain the men make no outcry and do their best to help us. We put hospital shirts or pajamas on them, wrap them in blankets, and they are ready for the operating room. The stretcher bearers come out with a stretcher on which lies a wounded man just off the table, still deep under the ether, his face wet with perspiration, eyes closed, his breathing deep and heavy. Next! We pick up the stretcher nearest the door and carry it into the operating room.

There are three tables. Around two, busy and silent groups of white-gowned figures are bending over their work. The third is empty, and an attendant with a wet cloth is wiping off the blood which covers the lower portion in a shallow pool. We transfer our patient to the damp table, and at the same time get a mental picture of the room. It is not large, perhaps fifteen feet square, and very white and dazzling. The door is in one corner and there are two high windows in the wall opposite. Against the wall on the left as you enter is a small oil cookstove, on which steams a highly polished copper tank for sterilizing the instruments. Against the wall facing you, between the windows, is a stout wooden table covered with a sheet, on which the sterilized instruments are laid out in shining rows, like silver in the drawers of a sideboard. Against the wall to the right are the lavatories where the surgeons scrub up. The three operating tables, white enamelled and covered with thin, oilcloth-covered mats, are lined up in the middle of the room, their heads toward the entrance, the feet toward the table with the sterilized instruments.

But we must get to work on our wounded man. The surgeons who have just finished with one man have stripped off their blood-stained gowns and gloves and are scrubbing their hands. Under their direction we fold back the blanket which covers the wounded man so as to expose the wound, let us say, on the thigh. We fold another blanket to cover his feet and legs to the knee, and slip two stout straps around him, one just above the knees and one around the chest. The wound is still covered with the pack and bandages applied at the first-aid station or field hospital. We cut the bandage and expose it—a jagged aperture made by shrapnel, perhaps two inches long. With an ordinary razor we shave a considerable area around the wound. The surgeon has now finished scrubbing his hands. The nurse at the supply table opens for him a square parcel which contains a ster-

A burial in the cemetery of Evacuation Eight

ilized gown wrapped in a piece of muslin. He shakes it out gingerly by the neckband, careful not to touch the front. The attendant as gingerly ties the strings behind. The surgeon now rinses his hands with alcohol, and, when they have dried, pulls on a pair of rubber gloves, picking them up by their long, turned-back wrists, which, when the fingers are worked on, he turns up over the sleeves of his gown. His hands and the whole front of his body now present a perfectly sterilized surface, which nothing unsterilized has touched, and which must touch nothing unsterilized except the wound itself.

Meanwhile the anesthetist has been busy. She sits on a stool at the head of the table, at such a height that her elbows rest easily upon it on either side of the patient's head. Beside her is a little stand with her cans of ether, gauze, vaseline, a shallow basin shaped like a kidney, and clips for pulling forward the man's tongue if he should choke. The man has not cried out or in any way expressed his fear, but his eyes show that he is terrified by the array of glistening instruments, the solemn, white figures—worst of all, by the rapid play of scalpel and scissors which he can see by turning his head toward the tables on either side. His eyes in mute appeal seek those of the one familiar figure in the room, that of the enlisted man at his side. "Don't be frightened," I say, "the ether won't bother you at all, and it will all be over in a minute." (God forgive me, I have never taken ether in my life.) "Will you just take my hand, buddy," says the wounded man a trifle huskily, "I don't know much about this, and I'm afraid I may fight when the ether gets bad." "Sure!" I reply, "that's what I'm here for." The nurse smears a little vaseline around his eyes, and, holding the mask a few inches above his face, begins to pour the ether on it. "Breathe deep," she says, "and don't fight it." The mask comes lower, finally rests on his face, and a piece of gauze is wrapped around the edges to keep in the fumes. She pours on the ether faster. The man groans and struggles; he throws both his arms wide and tries to sit up. We have to tighten the straps and hold down his arms. Now he is limp, the moaning faint and dying away. The surgeon takes a long-handled clip which holds a swab, dips it in iodine, and paints a larg area around the wound. One nurse stands all the time by the supply table, serving the surgeons at all three operating tables. She hands him four sterilized towels, which he lays around the wound, leaving exposed only a small rectangular patch of

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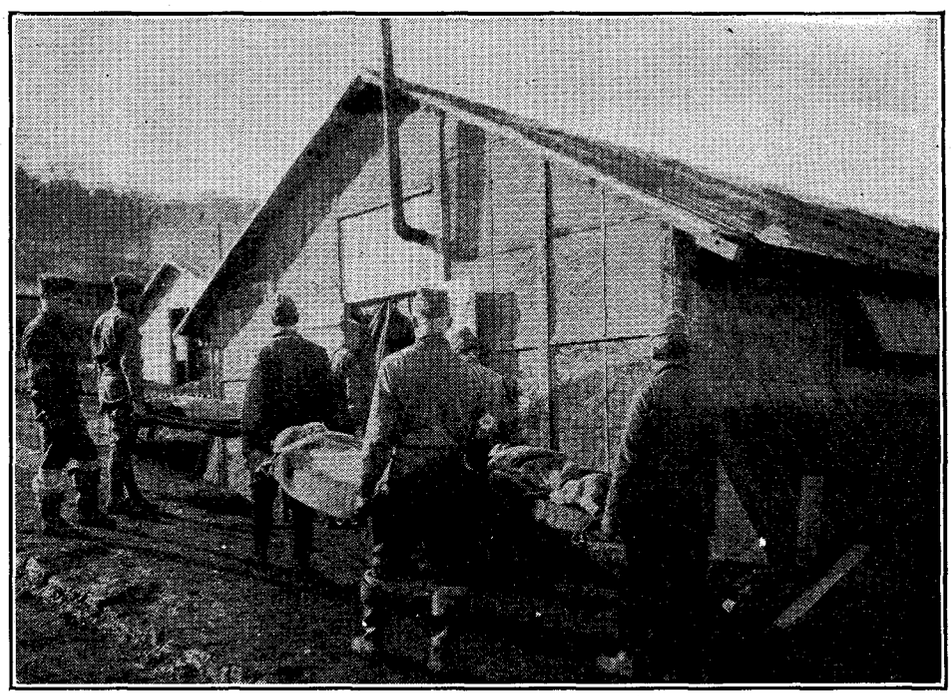
darkly stained skin with the wound in the center. How will he fasten his towels on? A little stand has been pushed up beside the foot of the table. The nurse covers it with a towel, and begins to lay out instruments on it. The surgeon picks up one that looks a little like a pair of manicure scissors, but, instead of cutting blades, it has two little sharp curved points that meet like a pair of pincers. With these he picks up the towels at the point where two of them overlap, and clips them together, pushing the points of the instrument down so that they meet in the skin underneath. The instrument has a catch which will hold it tightly shut until it is released. He puts on three more, one at each corner of the exposed patch. The uninitiated assistant gasps and flinches at this apparently cold-blooded process, and then derides his tenderness as he thinks how trivial these pinpricks are in comparison with what is to come. The team is now ready: the chief, or operating surgeon, his assistant (always a surgeon also, and an officer), and a nurse, who stands beside the little stand of instruments, ready to hand what is wanted. (This is in addition to the nurse at the large supply table of sterilized instruments.) These are all "scrubbed up," that is, provided with an elaborate surgical asepsis of sterilized gowns and gloves. The anesthetist and two enlisted men, who are not "scrubbed up," must look out for manipulating the patient, getting him on and off the table, bandaging, and bringing unsterilized equipment.

The surgeon takes a scalpel (a little knife with a rigid blade, no larger than a penknife), which he holds like a pen, and with firm, even pressure draws an incision on each side of the wound and considerably longer. The skin springs apart, showing the yellowish fatty layer beneath, and exposing the red of the muscle. This wound was made by a fragment of high explosive shell, which is still deeply embedded in the flesh. It has been located by the X-ray surgeon, who has made two marks with silver nitrate on the thigh, one on the top and one on the side. The foreign body lies at the point where perpendicular bisectors from those marks would intersect. The surgeon goes after it with scalpel and scissors, excising all the damaged tissue with what looks like reckless abandon. As he cuts into the muscle the blood spurts up like juice in a berry pie. The assistant mops it up with a gauze sponge, discovers the point where the blood vessel is severed, and the surgeon clips it with a haemostat, another variety of pincers with handles like manicure scissors. This is for small blood vessels; larger ones must be tied off at once. By the end of the operation the wound is full of these dangling haemostats. The surgeon probes with his finger between the muscle bundles for the shrapnel, and finally dislodges it, a jagged chunk of metal an inch square each way, with a great wad of cloth from the man's breeches clinging to it. He goes on, painstakingly removing every particle of clotted blood and tissue that has been damaged by the missile or resulting infection. Now, with the help of his assistant, he ties off the blood vessels still held by haemostats. During all this, the enlisted assistants at his direction have been turning the patient on the table, elevating or flexing the leg, or with a flashlight throwing light into some peculiarly inaccessible part of the wound. The operation is finished. What was a small jagged wound is now a gaping hole six inches long, two or three wide at the top, and perhaps four deep, perhaps extending through the entire thigh. The nurse places on the stand a bundle of little red rubber tubes, open at one end, the closed end punched full of holes. The surgeon pushes these into the wound, leaving the open ends out, inserting the closed ends into every crevice. He fills the cavity with gauze plentifully soaked with a solution smelling of chlorine, lays gauze strips soaked with yellow vaseline along the edges of the wound, and places a large absorbent pad over the orifice. His work is done. We bind on the pad with yards of bandage, roll the inert body onto a stretcher, and hurry it away to a ward. As he scrubs for the next case, the surgeon dictates to one of us a description of the case and the surgical treatment he has given it. All this may have taken half an hour; possibly an hour or more. We go on with the work, in twelve-hour shifts, night and day, as long as the supply of wounded holds out.



Carrying wounded from the ambulances into the receiving hut, Petit Maujouy

Remember that few of these enlisted men have ever been in an operating room before in their lives, and that as few of these surgeons have had actual previous experience in the technique of war surgery. Yet in that first afternoon they are called upon to perform the most dreadful as well as the most delicate operations. One could not plead inexperience as an excuse for delay. Amputations high in the thigh or upper arm, operations of the chest where the ribs must be sprung apart with retractors, and looking in with incredulous amazement we see the heart throbbing bare; wounds of the head and brain, wounds of the abdomen—in one day we performed more major operations than some civilian operating rooms see in six months. We work on without pause, undressing men, carrying them in, carrying them out, carrying them to the X-ray, carrying them to the wards. It is amazing how we form

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Niagara Hudson Power

By CARLTON A. SHIVELY

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Shively, the contributor of this page reports on Wall Street for the New York Sun

TAKING their cue from certain economists and financial observers, who have pointed out the significance of the public utility merger movement of the past few years, politicians have eagerly seized upon the issues involved. Particularly in New York State political capital has been made out of alleged attempts by financial groups to deprive the people of their vested rights.

Recent announcement of the purchase by the Niagara Hudson Power Corporation of the hydroelectric properties and lands of the Frontier Corporation and the St. Lawrence Securities Company has stirred up the old controversies which had settled to the bottom with the close of Governor Smith's official career. Because of its implications with respect to private as opposed to State development of water power in general and its relation to plans for navigation improvement on the St. Lawrence the deal has aroused countrywide interest.

Something of a tempest in a teapot was raised by politicians who feared that the entry of the powerful House of Morgan into the situation meant a fresh assault on the public citadel. The tempest was calmed later by a frank statement of the matter made by the Niagara Hudson Power Corporation and by an exposition of the Morgan interest on the part of Thomas W. Lamont. Briefly the facts are these:

Niagara Hudson Power announced the purchase from the Aluminum Company of America, largely owned by the Mellon family, from the General Electric Company and from the DuPont interests of the Frontier Corporation and the St. Lawrence Securities Company. These two companies held ownership or control of power sites and river bank rights on the St. Lawrence capable of developing 3,000,000 horse power, as well as operating and generating properties in St. Lawrence county. Installations at Niagara Falls and other water power sites already owned by Niagara Hudson Power have a capacity of 1,700,000 horse power. Altogether it is estimated that the enlarged Niagara Hudson Power now controls about 80 per cent of the hydroelectric power development potentialities of New York.

Those with an eye to the political horizon immediately raised the alarm. They foresaw an attempt to control the State's power rights, to say nothing of obstruction to waterways development. What stirred them particularly was the fact that J. P. Morgan & Co. had a hand in the pie. So long as the "power trust" was made up of several competing interests the State seemed capable of standing off the attack. But the House of Morgan was something else again. Mr. Lamont has made it clear that no development plans are being made or are likely to be made for some time to come. Moreover, the interest of J. P. Morgan & Co. has been greatly exaggerated.

Morgan interest comes through holdings in United Corporation, a public utility holding concern formed by the Morgan and Bonbright banking interests. United owns large amounts of stock in certain Eastern utility holding and operating companies. Niagara Hudson was formed last June and, by exchange of stock, secured control of Buffalo, Niagara & Eastern Power Corporation, controlled by the Schoellkopf interests of Buffalo; the Northeastern Power Corporation, principally owned by F. L. Carlisle & Co., and Mohawk Hudson Power Corporation, owned mostly by United Corporation and United Gas Improvement, the latter in turn controlled by United Corporation.

Morgan interest appears through Mohawk Hudson. However, direct holdings of Niagara Hudson Power by United and indirect holdings through United Gas Improvement amount to only about 7 per cent and, of course, the remaining 93 per cent is held by the former owners of the stock of Mohawk Hudson, Northeastern Power and Buffalo, Niagara & Eastern. The Morgan bogey would seem to be exaggerated, but such is the prestige of the firm that whatever it touches becomes, in the popular mind, its property.

Creation of Niagara Hudson Power was precipitated by activities of Associated Gas and Electric Company, directed by W. C. Hopson, who cuts a wide swath in the public utility field. Niagara was formed to protect the interests of its creators against the encroachments of other utility interests. In like manner, the purchase of Frontier Power and St. Lawrence Securities came about principally because those properties were for sale. They did, of course, fit in nicely with the other holdings of Niagara Hudson Power.

Hydroelectric operations on the St. Lawrence undoubtedly will be undertaken some day but as yet many difficulties present themselves.

An exhaustive study of the economic phases of the situation published by the Brookings Institution of Washington suggests a cost for power development to the fullest at $385,000,000. The conclusion is reached that such development is not feasible as a paying proposition at present. In their conclusion the investigators say: "From the standpoint of neither the United States nor Canada is great haste required in the development of the power resources of the St. Lawrence River. That this power will eventually be exploited and utilized on an economical basis is scarcely to be doubted."

Engineering problems involved in controlling the river, which has a flow of 193,000 to 320,000 cubic feet of water a second draining the Great Lakes region, by building dams and flooding portions of the bank can be handled. Also the economic problem of financing the construction and the power distribution is capable of comparatively easy solution, once an agreement could be reached between the State and private interests.

But legal problems are more complex. Legal issues over ownership of water power rights as between individuals and the State and conflict of authority of State and federal government over navigable streams, have never been adjudicated in a clean-cut way. Moreover, consideration must be given to the Canadian side, inasmuch as the St. Lawrence is a boundary stream.

Finally, the political element enters into the equation. It is clear that development rests wholly upon agreement as between State and individual enterprise, State and national authority over the river and as between this country and Canada.

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Intellect and the Bayonet

By T. R. YBARRA

PARIS

THOSE WHO have followed the career of Fascism must have been struck by the fact that intellectuals, as a rule, do not like it. To be sure, some Italian intellectuals are, or say they are, in favor of the Mussolinian doctrine of down with democracy, free speech and the free expression of thought. Others, however—many in fact—are either openly in opposition or covering their disapproval by silence.

True as this is of Italy, it is doubly so of Spain. There the intellectual class as a whole is avowedly against the Spanish counterpart of Mussolini and Fascism—the military dictatorship, presided over by General Primo de Rivera, which superseded Spain's parliamentary form of government in 1923, just as Mussolini and the Fascists, one year earlier, swept aside the legislature of Italy, and, with it, the democratic régime which Italy had enjoyed up to that time.

The hostility of the Spanish intellectuals for the Primo de Rivera dictatorship is reciprocated up to the hilt by the Dictator and those who share with him the control of the present-day Spanish government. With true military disdain, he looks down on the "intelligentsia" of his country, on savants and literary celebrities.

Unamuno, Spain's foremost living philosopher, professor at Salamanca University, was exiled, it will be recalled, from his native soil soon after Primo de Rivera got into power; nor was the decree of banishment against him rescinded until many months later. Unamuno, to show that he could give as good as he got, refused to return to Spain, and, settling down at a comfortable distance behind the Spanish border of France, proceeded to write furiously against the Dictator and his satellites.

Similarly, the late Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, author of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* and other works which won him a sensational world-wide renown, could not find words hard enough for the Primo de Rivera régime. When I met him in Paris shortly after the advent of the Spanish dictatorship to power, Blasco Ibáñez, in talking about Primo de Rivera, worked himself up into a paroxysm of rage and contempt.

"Just a general, just one of those damned Spanish generals!" he sputtered. "I know just how he looks when he is issuing his grand decrees! Why, I can see him as plainly as if he were right in front of me." Whereupon he puffed himself out and strutted about his hotel room very pompously, like a peacock.

"There!" he said to me scornfully. "That is Primo de Rivera!"

According to keen observers who have been in Spain recently, there has been no relaxation of the contempt and dislike of the Spanish intellectuals for the dictatorship nor of the methods of repression—positively Mussolinian in their severity—with which General Primo de Rivera meets the hostility felt for him by the colleagues of Unamuno and Blasco Ibáñez.

THOUGH, taken all in all, the régime of Mussolini is unquestionably more severe than that of Primo de Rivera, one thing must be remembered: the Spanish dictatorship is essentially a military dictatorship. Bayonets brought it into being, bayonets keep it alive. Behind it stands the Spanish army—always influential in Spanish affairs, now more influential than ever.

This is not the case in Italy. Despite his sabre-rattling and dressing up in martial array, the world thinks of Mussolini as a civilian; despite black shirts and black scowls, it thinks of the Fascisti as an organization of civilians giving themselves military airs.

In Spain, on the other hand, Primo de Rivera has been, ever since he was old enough, in the Spanish army; he began as a mere subaltern officer and worked his way up, rank by rank, until he became a general. It is the same with the majority of those associated with him. A few civilians there are in the dictatorship, but they are shadowy individuals, whose activities are mostly confined to nodding affirmatively, when their military lords make a decision.

Once a South American historian, analyzing the causes leading up to the South American wars of independence against Spain, which resulted in the loss by the Spaniards of their vast domain of Spanish America, wrote: "For all the problems confronting her, throughout her history, Spain has resorted invariably to one means of solution: the bayonet!" This is as true in Spain today, where General Primo de Rivera is grappling with the most variegated problems of statesmanship, as it was at the dawn of the Nineteenth Century, when the Primo de Riveras of that epoch were confronted with the demands for freedom of Simon Bolivar, Jose de San Martin and the rest of the patriots of Spanish America.

The despotic rule of Spain in Spanish America, buttressed by Spanish bayonets, was particularly hard on intellectuals. The pursuit of knowledge by the inhabitants of her colonies was severely frowned upon by the Spain of the early Nineteenth Century. Budding Spanish-American Unamunos found themselves greatly hampered in their quest for light by the hostility of the authorities across the water. Colonials of Venezuela, when they petitioned the Spanish King to be allowed to establish a university at Merida, one of their towns, received the answer: "We do not consider education in the colonies advisable!" Equally hard was the path of the budding Blasco Ibáñez in the American domain of Spain. So suspicious were the Spanish officials that it was practically impossible to import books openly from Europe or the United States; book knowledge was a "bootlegged" luxury. As for the writing of books—woe unto the Spanish-American who got into print anything savoring of liberalism of thought!

Nevertheless, despite all this repression, the inhabitants of Spain's colonies in the New World rebelled against their masters and, under the leadership of men like Bolivar and San Martin, fought their way to independence and to a degree of liberty of speech and thought, which—despite the dark pages of ruthless despotism occurring but too often in the history of Latin-American republics—was at least better than their lot under Spain.

What will be the upshot if Spanish intellectuals and other believers in democracy continue to array intellectual arguments against the dictatorship of General Primo de Rivera and he continues to rely, first and last, on the bayonet? The world is interested in the answer to that question. Keep your eye on Spain.

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The Trend of Events

Boston Bans

THEY'RE PUBLISHING BANS again in Boston—this time against Eugene O'Neill's *Strange Interlude*. The play had a record-breaking run in New York, where it was produced by the well-thought-of Theatre Guild: it received the Pulitzer Award, and it has often been called the finest ever written by an American playwright. It has been sold all over the country in book form for more than a year. No matter. Mayor Nichols found the text salacious. That was enough.

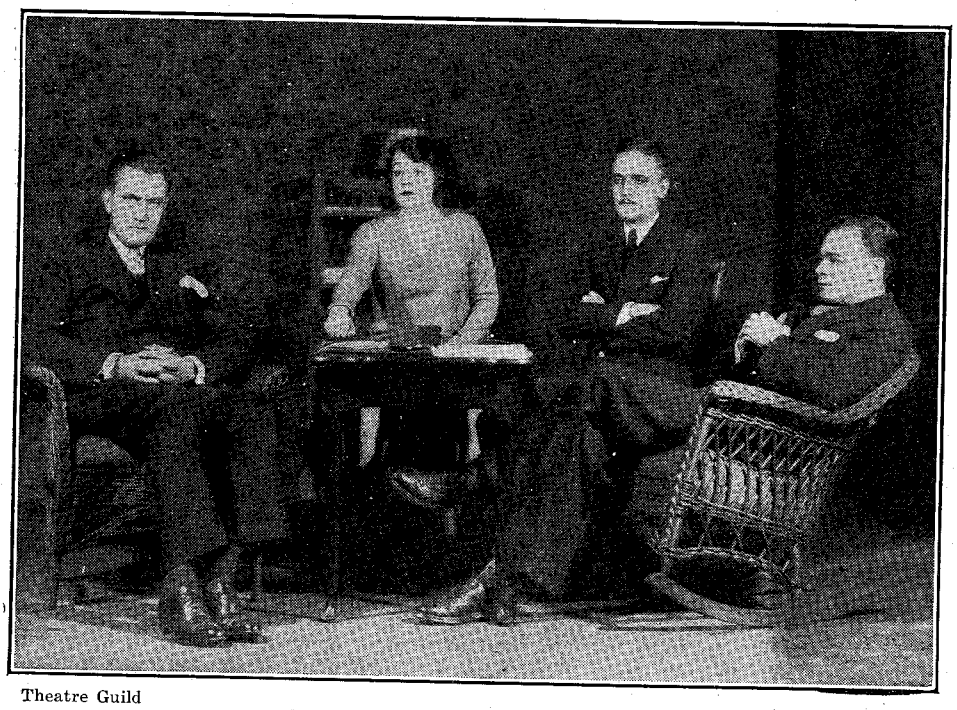
Directors of the Theatre Guild protest that in the suppression of so important a drama the opinions of thousands of Boston citizens are being coolly ignored.

Where are these thousands? Their silence, preserved while the lid is clamped down on books, plays, and public speakers, is profound enough to lay their existence open to question. In Boston, as in other cities, most people are less interested in such matters than in the stock market, the new silhouette, colored kitchenware, and musical automobile horns. But in Boston, as in few other cities, most of those interested seem content to make the acquaintance of ideas only when Police Chief Crowley, Mayor Nichols, or the Watch and Ward Society stands by as chaperon and says they may.

At any rate, those who are content are highly vocal and tightly, if informally, organized; those who are not are neither. Writing in the *American Mercury* on the late J. Frank Chase, former Watch and Ward Secretary, A. L. S. Wood several years ago declared that back of the Society stands the prestige of Boston Brahmins, "and to it is added the vast influence of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and the jury services of the Mc's and O's of South Boston."

He quoted the Rev. Mr. Chase's saying, "The Irish make notable Puritans," and added: "The Roman Catholic Methodists and the Methodist-Implacables have been regimented together in the service of Pure Literature—a formidable phalanx indeed."

This tells the story both tersely and thoroughly. Add a postscript on the conservatism which makes Boston shrug with indifference or nod with approval when Chief Crowley dislodges speakers from platforms for daring to say "Sacco and Vanzetti," and the tale is complete. There are brave souls in Boston who dare to oppose the phalanx, but not many. Precious few of them hold, or can hope to hold, public office.



Theatre Guild

BARRED IN BOSTON

A scene from Eugene O'Neill's play "Strange Interlude"

Play of the Month

THE QUESTION OF PLAY censorship becomes especially interesting just now, with the formation of Playchoice, the play-of-the-month club. Planned along the lines of the book clubs, this group, at a reasonable price, is to provide its members with two good seats for a selected play every month during the theatrical season.

Assuming that the play-selection committee will be able, in advance, to sniff out productions which will neither close suddenly nor become so popular that all good seats will vanish to be held for ticket brokers' ransom, the new project still presents difficulties. It is dedicated, avowedly, to "worthy plays." Yet what critics and a record-breaking public consider worthy, public officials are capable of suppressing.

John Van Druten, author of *Young Woodley*, recently suggested to a London audience that the solution to censorship lay in having two classes of theatres. In one type, audiences would be assured of safety from shock; the other they would enter at their own risk. It is an excellent idea. Perhaps it also indicates the way out for Playchoice. Can't there be two play-of-the-month clubs—one for the timid, another for the adventurous? And then a little extra one for Boston?

The Disarmament Accord

THE FOREIGN POLICY ASSOCIATION believes that the British-American disarmament accord will disappoint those who had hoped to see cruiser construction definitely reduced. To judge by the figures which stand up straightest from the welter of revelations regarding the accord, the United States wants three more big cruisers than Britain wants it to have. For herself, Britain wants 50 cruisers—total tonnage 339,000—with 15 of them 10,000-tonners. She is willing to let the United States have 35 cruisers—total tonnage 300,000—with 18 of them 10,000 tonners. The United States, however, wants 36 cruisers—total tonnage 315,000—with 21 of them 10,000-tonners. That is, she wants to build thirteen of the fifteen cruisers authorized in the 1929 act and five small cruisers besides. "Literally interpreted," declares the Foreign Policy

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Association, "the American proposals call for actual cruiser expansion."

It believes, however, that judgment should be withheld until the proposed five-power conference has discussed all classes of ships. The advice is sound. Whether the United States will have eighteen or twenty-one large cruisers has been left for the conference to decide. Also in the hands of the conference is the question whether there will be any limitation or reduction of armaments at all. There may be actual reduction in destroyer tonnage; whether there will be or not depends on France, Italy, and Japan. It is certain that France and Italy will not consent to the abolition of the submarine; it is uncertain what will be done about this instrument of warfare. It is even possible that Japan will persuade Britain and the United States to lower their cruiser totals so that, proportionately, she may keep up her end without building more ships.

Considered by itself, the British-American accord demands respect. It should not be forgotten that, under it, the number of British cruisers, at least, would be reduced, and that, were it not for the accord, the United States would almost certainly continue to build after she had obtained the maximum which the accord mentions. Moreover, it puts a stop to British-American competition in sea armaments, which has been productive of much hostility and suspicion. It does not guarantee peace—no disarmament agreement can do that—but it promises lowered naval budgets for the distant, if not for the immediate, future, and that is something.

▸▸*Dragging to an End*

IF PEOPLE HARDLY KNOW, and scarcely care, whether or not any of the principals in the oil scandals has been or will be found guilty of anything, place the blame primarily on the sluggishness of American justice. Almost six years ago, these scandals were exposed by Senator Walsh of Montana. Yet the last of the cases growing out of them is still to be tried.

In two civil cases the Government recovered the Elk Hills and Teapot Dome oil reserves from Edward L. Doheny and Harry F. Sinclair. The other cases have had mixed results. Doheny and former-Secretary of the Interior Fall, charged with conspiring to defraud the Government, were acquitted. Later, Sinclair was also acquitted of this charge, though when jurors were shadowed in his behalf a six-month contempt of court sentence was added to his three-month sentence for contempt of the Senate. Now that the President has refused to intervene in his behalf, he must serve these terms out.

Fall's ill health saved him from being tried with Sinclair on the conspiracy

Keystone

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

Albert Fall being sworn in as Secretary of the Interior

charge and Sinclair's acquittal probably means the abandonment of the case against the ex-Secretary. On October 7, however, Fall is scheduled to face a charge of bribery.

Another case was partly settled—it will be appealed to a higher tribunal—when Justice Siddons of the District of Columbia Supreme Court fined Harry M. Blackmer $60,000 for refusing to appear as witness in the Fall-Sinclair trial. One of the partners in the Continental Trading Company, Ltd., the shadowy Canadian corporation from whose profits Sinclair's payments to Fall were made, Blackmer fled to Europe when his name was involved in the scandals and has remained there ever since. He declined to come back even when the Government, under the Walsh act, specially passed to compel the return from abroad of American witnesses, confiscated $100,000 worth of his Liberty Bonds.

It is expected that, if the Court of Appeals sustains the action of Justice Siddons, the Blackmer case will be carried to the United States Supreme Court. In all likelihood, therefore, the country will be hearing of, and yawning over, the oil cases for many a month to come.

▸▸*More Coolidge Memoirs*

IN HER AMERICAN MAGAZINE memoirs Mrs. Coolidge tells what every American woman will be glad to know—that, when it comes to anecdotes of embarrassing moments, a First Lady can hold her own with any lady in the land.

A chair gave way beneath one of Mrs. Coolidge's distinguished dinner guests; the tie of another slipped its moorings. An immaculately uniformed aide became a facial contortionist when a spoonful of hot soup melted some all-too-temporary dental work. A tea napkin was publicly revealed to be full of holes.

Recognizing these homey episodes any hostess will long to hear the rest. What of those treacherous small rugs which transform unwary visitors into awkward skaters? What happened when a fowl coasted to the table cloth under the Presidential carving set? Surely there is a Coolidge finger-bowl-and-doily saga; how does it go? When ice cream was served, was one bewildered guest left with the traditional oyster fork? Is it true that, despite just about everything, Mr. Coolidge liked to feed the dog at lunch?

One thing more. Mrs. Coolidge does not tell us whether or not Mr. Coolidge, like most practiced hosts, has a favorite story with which to crown the high moment of the roast. We suspect that he has. In fact, we know he likes his little table witticism. From a source close to the former President comes a Coolidge story hitherto unpublished. On at least one occasion Mr. Coolidge greeted a robust platterful of beef with

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the familiar wintry smile and the remark, "H'mm. See we're havin' quail today."

▸▸*The Lindberghs*

FEW FAMILIES ARE OF GREATER public interest than the Coolidges. Few besides the Lindberghs. As a national hero, the Colonel has always been different. As a married man, he is equally so.

No marrying and settling down here. No quiet evenings with Charles reading his paper and Anne darning socks in a circle of lamplight. When Lindbergh has a job of flying to do, Mrs. Lindbergh goes with him. When he is photographed, so is she. As a bride, she helped him open the Transcontinental Air Transport line. In a jiffy, she was back in New Jersey, where he did his part in correcting the Edison examination papers. Next, she was learning, not to cook, but to fly. She was with him when he started in search of the lost TAT plane. Now she is taking her turn at the controls while they inaugurate an air-mail service from the United States to Dutch Guiana and make a 7,000-mile tour of the Caribbean.

We hear few rumors of the Lindberghs buying a home, but many of their buying another plane. For bridge parties, week-ends, and country club dances are substituted long hops, barrel rolls, and interviews on the future of aviation. Anne had no elaborate trousseau, and a very good thing that was. Sometimes there is scarcely room in the plane for her to carry so much as an evening wrap.

There is opportunity for a good deal of speculation about Anne—whether she liked the eventful, reporter-dodging courtship and the elusive honeymoon, whether she is tired of packing and unpacking the family suitcase, of talking to her husband above the roar of motors, of arriving, wind-blown and dizzy, in the midst of committees of welcome. They say she is keeping a diary. What editor would not give his right arm to publish it?

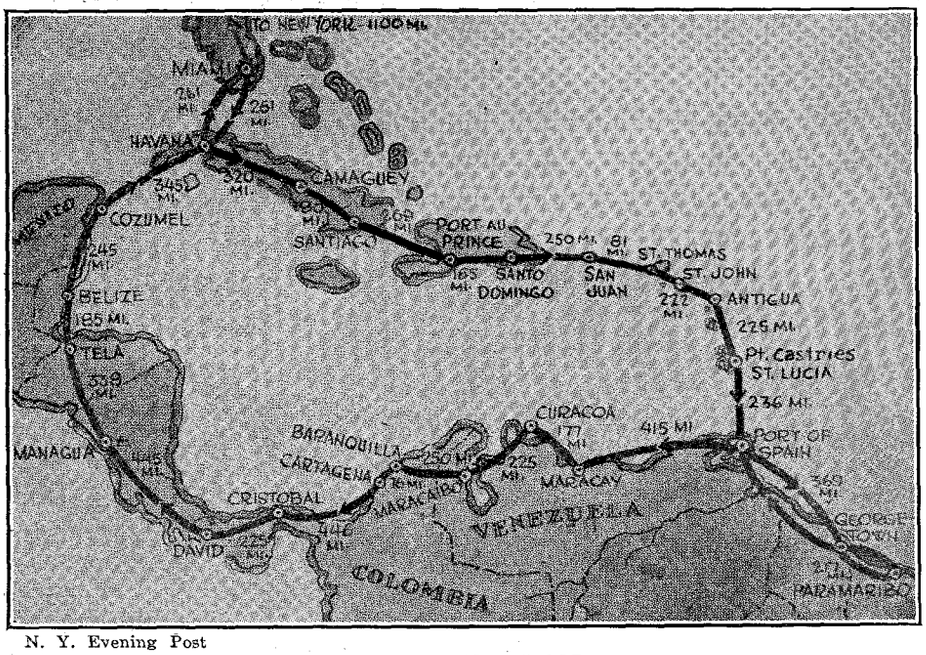
▸▸*Iraq*

PERHAPS A BIT FED UP on mandates after the Palestine outbreak, Tommy Atkins plans to rid himself of one of the most burdensome. The mandate over the Kingdom of Iraq, which with Transjordania and Palestine forms a belt stretching from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean, was one of the prizes Great Britain took away from Versailles. With Palestine and Transjordania, it was regarded as an indispensable link in British imperial communications. Apparently the bargain is now regretted. Britain has announced its intention to recommend Iraq's admission into the League of Nations in 1932.

Getting Iraq into the League is a way of shrugging off the responsibilities of the mandate, which otherwise would run until 1950. In Iraq, as in Palestine, Mr. Atkins has had his troubles. Iraq Nationalists have inhospitably asked him to get out and stay out. Since 1927, the Royal Air Forces, assisted by armored motor cars, have carried on fitful warfare with invading tribesmen of Nejd and the Hejaz, inspired by political and religious motives to harass British outposts. Moreover, Britain has been unable to negotiate a treaty defining the relations to be maintained with Iraq. The treaty of 1927, designed to satisfy Iraq demands for independence, gathers dust in a pigeonhole. The Parliament of Iraq has declined even to debate it.

Negotiations are expected to begin at once for a treaty similar to the Anglo-Egyptian agreement, which pledges Egypt to adopt no foreign policy unacceptable to London, to render aid in time of war, and to employ only Britons as financial and military experts. The sovereignty of Iraq would be recognized, but, as in Egypt, British garrisons would be maintained at strategic points to safeguard the route to India.

Despite the strong stand taken in Palestine, the Labor Government seems bent on modifying the traditional imperial policy in the Near and Middle East. In his recent speech at Geneva, Premier MacDonald pointed out that the national self-respect of Eastern peoples is steadily developing, and urged the great powers to recognize it and make peace with these restless peoples while there is still time to do so with honor. His Government seems to be practicing what it preaches.



N. Y. Evening Post

LOOPING THE LOOP
The Lindbergh route from Miami to Miami

▸▸*A Merger a Day*

REACHING 1929, A FUTURE historian tracing the evolution of big business may drop everything else, take a fresh sheet of paper, and rewrite his chapter headed, "Mergers." The urge to merge, as it has been called, is one of the outstanding signs of the present time. Autumn brides bid fair to be crowded from the news columns by business and financial institutions which are also taking one another for better or for worse.

Read the merger news of a single, and not untypical, week. Five of the largest paint manufacturing companies in the country, with assets of more than $150,000,000 talk of combining to become the largest paint manufacturing company in the world. A New York department store announces a four-cornered combination with stores in Boston, Brooklyn, and Columbus, Ohio. Leonor F. Loree broaches the subject of merging seventeen of the shorter East-

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ern railroads into a belt system which would connect all important cities on the Northern Atlantic seaboard.

Robert W. Stewart, last seen walking home, jobless, from the Rockefeller camp, is discovered London-bound, surrounded by rumors of a pending international oil merger. In New York, the National City Bank prepares to join hands with the Corn Exchange Bank & Trust Company, and thus wrest from the Midland Bank, Ltd., of London the distinction of being the largest in the world. All this on top of the announcement, the week before, that the Niagara-Hudson Power Corporation, the vast superpower concern recently formed by J. P. Morgan and Company, had purchased the Frontier Corporation and thus secured control of nearly every important water power site in New York State.

Examination of the news for any recent week would show that this quota is by no means unusual. It indicates the extent of the still imperfectly understood but decided tendency on the part of American businesses to concentrate into fewer and larger units. The future possibilities of such a trend are as endless as they are debatable. One immediate possibility, however, is that an unmerged concern, like the man who bites a dog, will become the city editor's idea of genuine news.

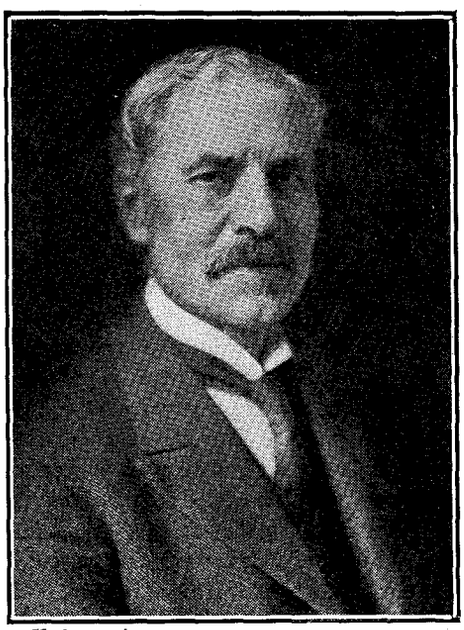
▸▸Ramsay MacDonald

CALLED THE HANDSOMEST MAN in Parliament when he entered the House of Commons in 1906, Ramsay MacDonald is handsome still. His face has a chiseled quality. His white hair contradicts a dark mustache obscuring a mouth that rarely smiles. A boyhood of poverty in Lossiemouth, an early period in London, studying by night, laboring by day as warehouse clerk, later as free-lance writer and secretary to a Liberal M. P., have made him a glutton for work. He is extraordinarily patient; he lays great stress on duty.

Lord Birkenhead has described him as "a new, if paler, Cromwell." Does Birkenhead know that pictures of Cromwell hang on the Premier's walls? Another of his idols is John Knox. He plans to write a book about Knox someday; he once startled his campaign manager by lecturing upon the preacher to a political gathering of Welshmen. Yet, despite his fondness for these dour men, he relishes the witty Eighteenth Century.

Scott is his model novelist. Hardy was his intimate friend. He himself, when a young man, wrote short stories signed James Ramsay. He has edited the Socialist Library, of which his work on Socialism is the best. He knows more about British dominions and possessions than any other man in British public life and is the author of several travel books. He is fascinated by book catalogues and second-hand bookshops. He owns Walt Whitman's own copy of *Leaves of Grass*.

He first saw America thirty-two years ago, on a holiday trip with his bride of a year. Relative of Gladstone and daughter of a professor of chemistry, his



Underwood

COMING OVER

Ramsay MacDonald, British Premier, who is making a visit to the United States

wife, then Margaret Ethel Gladstone, had sent a contribution to his cause when, in 1895, he ran for Parliament as a member of the new Independent Labor Party. A correspondence followed. Throughout her life, Mrs. MacDonald shared his dreams of a new world. In April, 1927, he made a "sentimental journey" to Concord, where he and his wife had stayed on their first trip to the United States. President Hoover will notice that he wears two wedding rings.

A rich baritone voice, together with argumentative ability, makes him a distinguished orator. The burr sticks to his tongue. He speaks of his "colleagues" and is sure to say, "I do no." Reticent, he parries leading questions with prolix anecdotes. He has few idiosyncrasies and little color. He seeks relaxation in trudging highroad or golf course. He looks and acts like an aristocrat. Clydeside radicals brood when he dons a top hat and visits Buckingham Palace. Sometimes they distrust his caution, his policy of making gains slowly, consolidating them strongly. Lenin said that he would stop a revolution if he saw it coming.

"The world's foremost rational Socialist," he wants to "write history." He seems to be making quite a little of it.

▸▸Better News Reels

NEW YORKERS WHO ATTENDED the first showing of Fox Grandeur Pictures, featuring double-width film, with the images projected on a screen as wide as the stage, must have realized that, nipping the heels of the talkie movement, another revolution is on the way.

They saw and heard the rushing waters of Niagra Falls, not in short, unrevealing glimpses, but in broad, natural perspective, as if they stood on the spot. A honeymoon, someone said, for a dollar. Instead of the unsatisfactory knot-hole view of a baseball game and tennis match, they watched the entire diamond and court and plainly saw the players' faces and movements. Had they been able simultaneously to see the same scenes on an ordinary screen, they would have realized that the new idea is nearly as superior to the old as the first movie was to a penny-arcade peep-show.

The innovation will soon reach Zenith and Middletown. Before long the proprietor of every corner movie may be discarding his old screen and tinkering with his projector. What effect the invention will have on photoplay making remains to be seen. Its effect on news reels, however, is immediately apparent. It makes them decidedly better.

It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that William Randolph Hearst has joined with William Fox for the production of news pictures with sound. Western thrillers, bathing beauties, custard-pie comics, desert love, flapper follies, and murder mysteries may wax and wane, but news reels go on forever. Every improvement in camera technique has helped them; air photography and transportation enlivened them; sound doubled their interest and possibilities. Now life-size films give them new realism and dramatic value. With popular interest in current events steadily quickening as sound photog-

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Keystone

VARE VICTORIOUS

The Senator-Elect's forces emerged on top in Philadelphia Republican primary

raphers scoop up the news throughout the world, entertainment and education promise to overlap.

▶▶Lone Boatman

A YEAR AGO, PAUL MUELLER emerged from a German prison, where he had served twenty years for burglary. He was forty-one years old. In his pocket were 450 marks, given him by a sympathetic Berlin newspaper to start life afresh. Falling in love with a comely young fräulein, and financially unable to support a wife, he set out to cross the Atlantic alone in a small open boat.

Possibly he thought America was waiting impatiently to welcome and reward a lone mariner. Possibly the fräulein of his choice had vowed to marry no man who had not crossed the Atlantic alone in a small open boat. At any rate, after ten months' traveling, he has arrived in New York. His story brings to a fitting close our record of this season's bumper crop of "stunters."

Three times Mueller sailed out of Hamburg, only to be driven back, his craft in splinters. The fourth time, he kept triumphantly intact in the Aga, a fourteen-foot boat with one sail, until he was wrecked once more off the coast of Charleston, South Carolina. Citizens of Charleston gave him $1000, with which he sent for his fiancée and bought a new boat, Aga II. A quiet wedding, and Mueller sailed away, alone, for New York. When a storm off Cape Hatteras made short work of Aga II, he beat his way overland by selling postcards. Now he says that, having battled the elements "for home and happiness," he needs $300 to take himself and his wife back to Germany.

Never having been anything but floored by the psychology of "stunters," we cannot even hazard a guess as to what all Mr. Mueller's sailing has been about. It was not as though he liked to sail; he had never done it before in his life. Granting a desire to stand out as an individualist—how much simpler to have gone in for peanut pushing or marathon roller-skating. And if all he wanted was a bride and $300, it seems as if he could have gotten both in half the time by staying in Germany and going quietly to work. But perhaps we do not understand.

▶▶Vare Still on Top

AS MISS BEATRICE VARE, daughter of Pennsylvania's absentee Senator, pointed out in a radio address, the recent Philadelphia primary was fundamentally a fight between her father and Mayor Mackey for control of the Republican party. The contests for Republican nominations to such offices as Register of Wills and Coroner were inconsequential in themselves. Answering charges of "deserting a sick man," Mayor Mackey declared that he, and not his accusers, was Vare's "real" friend. The protestation impressed no one.

In the main, the votes were cast for or against the Republican boss, whose campaign for Senator Mr. Mackey himself had managed in 1926. The result was another Vare triumph. The Senator-elect still carries Philadelphia, not to say Pennsylvania, in an inside pocket. Possibly the electorate would have dealt less kindly with him had there been a more satisfactory alternative. It is, however, improbable that any one could have beaten him in a clean-cut fight.

Whatever the state of his physical vigor, lately debated in the Senate, Mr. Vare's political vigor was never greater. The fact will influence the impending Senate controversy as to whether he should be granted the seat to which he was elected almost three years ago. Had Vare's power been dimmed by defeat, his high-minded colleague, Senator Reed, might have been perfunctory in pleading for his admission. But with Vare able to dictate to the Mellons and the State Republican organization—as he did when he defeated George Wharton Pepper for the Senatorial nomination, as he did when he endorsed Hoover at Kansas City—Reed will have to champion the Senator-elect with gusto.

The Senate should not, but probably will, decide the Vare case on the plane of partisan politics. In any case, it ought to be decided quickly. For two years Pennsylvania has been arbitrarily denied its proper representation in the Senate. That its citizens have not protested more loudly tells much of popular indifference to Congress and to government in general.

▶▶Mr. House in Topeka

CAPTAIN MCLEOD OF THE NOVA SCOTIA motor ship Shawnee brought his shell-nicked vessel into the port of Halifax protesting that, twenty-six miles off New York City, he had been fired on without warning by the United States Coast Guard. In New York, Justice Franklin C. Hoyt of the Children's Court has declared that nothing can be found in the records to indicate that prohibition has had beneficial effects in eliminating intemperance as a cause of neglect of children.

Popular interest in prohibition news, however, has been concerned, first, with the President's intention of making Washington a model dry city—a grave threat to the thirst of our national legis-

Keystone

ASPERSION CASTER

Jay E. House, newspaper columnist, questions fair, dry name of Topeka, Kansas

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Springfield, Missouri

lators—and, secondly, with the curious investigation in Topeka, Kansas. There, Reverend J. A. McClellan, Superintendent of the State Anti-Saloon League, recently gave out letters written to him by Jay E. House, Philadelphia newspaper columnist and former Mayor of Topeka. Mr. House made a trip back home last winter; he states in his letters that he found drinking by Topeka women to have increased 1,000 per cent in the last twenty years and that liquor was served to him in thirteen of fourteen Topeka homes in which he was entertained.

Kansas, forty-eight years old in prohibition, leaped into action. At the direction of Governor Clyde M. Reed, the Attorney General set out to find where Mr. House got his liquor. Society columns were combed for the names of persons who entertained him. Tracked down, these persons were invited to the State House to answer questions as to the nature of their refreshments.

Though he regrets causing his friends annoyance and has no intention of pointing out Topeka homes in which liquor was served to him, Mr. House is by no means downcast at the publicity evoked by this incident. He feels that it should be salutary, in that it may "help the country to a realization of the plight it is in." He believes that "the rule-or-ruin attitude of the Anti-Saloon League and kindred organizations is the greatest menace this country is called upon to face." He is not particularly interested in prohibition one way or the other, he says, but he is interested in freedom. "It has reached the point where we may have freedom only by fighting for it." Meanwhile, he sticks by his contention. Even Topeka, Capital of godly Kansas, is downing its liquor with the best of them.

▶▶*Society Item*

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH of Plainville, Connecticut, was the scene of a pretty autumn wedding on Monday afternoon, September 23, when Miss Florence Trumbull, daughter of Governor John H. Trumbull and Mrs. Trumbull, became the bride of John Coolidge of New Haven. The church was tastefully decorated with chrysanthemums, smilax, and ferns. Miss Trumbull was attended by her sister, Miss Jean Trumbull. The best man was Stephan Brown. Rev. J. Roy Wilkinson, pastor of the church, and Rev. Dr. Kenneth Welles of Albany, New York, officiated. The single ring service was used.

To the strains of the wedding march from "Lohengrin," played by Professor William C. Hammond of Mt. Holyoke College, the bride walked down the aisle on the arm of her father. She was attired in a Patou gown of ivory satin, with a veil of old lace, the gift of the bridegroom's mother, and carried an arm bouquet of Easter lilies. Miss Jean Trumbull and the four bridesmaids, Miss Esther Trumbull, cousin of the bride, Miss Dorothy Clark, Miss Virginia Rogers, and Mrs. Philip Morehouse, wore chiffon frocks in autumn shades with picture hats to match and carried bouquets of garden flowers.

Following the ceremony a reception was held on the lawn of the Trumbull home, where two large tents were erected for the occasion. In the receiving line were Governor and Mrs. Trumbull, and former President and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, of Northampton, Massachusetts, parents of the bridegroom. Mrs. Coolidge wore beige lace with iris orchids, and Mrs. Trumbull was similarly attired. Isaac Fish was caterer and a buffet luncheon was served.

The bride is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College and has been prominent in Plainville and Hartford society. Going away, she wore a transparent velvet ensemble of hunter's green with a hat to match. Mr. Coolidge was graduated from Amherst College in the class of 1928. He is employed as a clerk in the office of the New Haven Railroad. After a short wedding trip the couple will make their home in Fountain Court, Westville, a suburb of New Haven.

Out of town guests at the wedding included Senator Hiram Bingham and Mrs. Bingham; Senator Frederic C. Walcott and Mrs. Walcott; former-Senator George P. McLean and Mrs. McLean; Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Roraback of Hartford; Frank W. Stearns of Boston, and J. A. Groege, General Manager of the New Haven Railroad. Many lovely gifts of linen, glassware, and silver were received.

Remarkable Remarks

Of the untold values of the radio one is the great intimacy it has brought among our people.—HERBERT HOOVER.

Leaving the loud speaker on all day should be a state prison offense and sufficient grounds for divorce.—REV. DR. CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER.

America is the freest nation and therefore—the driest nation.—F. SCOTT MCBRIDE.

If by some inconceivable method the country should go "wet" tomorrow there would occur such a revulsion of feeling within three months that prohibition would be restored with penalties so drastic as to be terrible.—HENRY FORD.

The average small-town boy knows more of vice than the city boy of the same age.—O. O. MCINTYRE.

The average American wants to be quite sure that he will never have too much time for thought.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

The events that result from a kiss are likely to be far more interesting than those that lead up to it.—EDWARD HOPE.

All great drama is a form of scandal.—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

I am an expert in sex appeal.—BERNARD SHAW.

▶▶*In Brief*

THERE ARE 15,000,000 HORSES and 5,000,000 mules in the United States today, announces the Horse Association of America, cynically interrupting the Nation's cry over Old Dobbin's extinction. . . . Testifying before the senatorial committee investigating the Shearer case, Charles M. Schwab characterized Chairman Shortridge as a "kindly interlocutor." The Senator from California, named, presumably, to plunge uncompromisingly into the heart of the Shearer affair, must have regarded this as exceedingly faint praise. . . . Standing in awe of our mighty style dictators, we are nevertheless emboldened to ask just why they have christened that new color for silk stockngs, suntan beige, with the name "Borah." . . . Now that the National Funeral Directors have shown colored coffins in their Atlantic City exhibition, probably we shall soon be hearing of a Color-in-the-Eternal-Home movement. . . . The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching reports that the average college professor, though badly paid, has a longer life than most men. Or perhaps, to revive an old one, it only seems longer. . . . How the direct primary works in theory just about every

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one who has listened to its advocates knows. How it works in practice may be roughly estimated from the fact that 80,000 votes were cast in the primary which made Major LaGuardia the Republican candidate for Mayor of New York, city of 6,000,000 inhabitants. . . . "Love wins Plane Race to World Air Circus"—newspaper headline. In the best love-conquers-all manner.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE THINK it rather kind of "Sunny Jim" Watson to apologize for President Hoover's refusal to intervene in the Senate's tariff tussle, but as with most of the Indiana member's good deeds, he was getting in two words for himself and one for the President. We suspect the wily Hoosierite shares our view that, if the President were to speak his mind, he would denounce both House and Senate measures as a libel on his original program of rate revision. Watson, we surmise, hopes to keep the President out of the fray at all costs, and it appears that he has succeeded. There will be no denunciation of the bills from the White House.

We think it a proper attitude for the President to take—that he should not comment upon a measure while it is yet in a legislative, and necessarily chaotic state. We suppose it is in accord with the theories of the founding fathers that the three branches of the Government should be sharply divided, one from the other. Yet we wonder, as does most of official Washington, how Mr. Hoover, now so scrupulous of the plans of statesmen dead and alive, justifies his broadside against the debenture scheme when that proposal was before the Senate.

There was then no reticence or restraint at the White House. Mr. Hoover, and three Cabinet members as well, declared from Administration housetops that the bounty would be a blow at the democratic form of government. We admired his speedy and sturdy interference then because, to our mind, he showed he was so concerned for some kind of farm relief that he would transgress boundaries he now holds sacred. He demonstrated, or so it seemed, that leadership had supplanted a laissez-faire spirit in the Presidency. He called upon what we know as the "Presidential bloc" to follow him, and they did.

His silence now, as well as his determination to keep mum, strikes us as all the more amazing because of the efforts to obtain his advice and direction in the tariff debate. We happen to know that there have been open and overt attempts to inveigle him into the discussion. Newspaper editorials and cartoons have gently satirized his silence. Senators, Representatives, and business executives have, rather crudely, we admit, invited his confidences, but to no avail. His sole pronouncement, aside from his stand for the flexible clause, was for a tariff that would benefit both producer and consumer, though he must have realized there never was such a measure. Every effort to pry into the great White House secret failed.

Kirby in N. Y. World.

"Tell Papa where it hurts the worst."

It was then that Joseph S. Grundy and his associates, speaking for the great industrial interests of the Republican stronghold of Pennsylvania, decided to try threats in place of persuasion.

To our mind, their public demand that Mr. Hoover join with the Smoot-Reed-Watson bloc in their fight for a skyscraper bill was as presumptuous as it was premeditated. It was clearly an effort to force the President's hand—or tongue. Nevertheless, it succeeded where the suggestions and pleas of friends had failed. Not till Grundy gruffly demanded some expression did the President emerge from his shell, and then only to sanctify his silence.

We think the press and public missed the deeper significance of all this maneuvering. To us it means that President Hoover, despite his reputed disapproval of pending measures and his desire for a decent revision, will sign any bill placed before him. The time when his influence can be used to improve the measure will soon have passed, since trading has begun in the Senate and the lines are beginning to show some firmness.

We are confident that the G. O. P. stalwarts, with the support of Democrats and Progressives placated by cajoling or concessions, will be able to enact a measure combining most of the worst features of House and Senate productions.

Five Democrats—Tydings of Maryland, Trammell and Fletcher of Florida, Broussard and Ransdell of Louisiana — have indicated in preliminary balloting that they may eventually line up with the Republicans; so have such sporadic Progressives as Jones and Steiwer of Washington, Johnson of California, and McNary of Oregon.

The press-agented revolt of the Northwestern bloc, which includes the Progressives mentioned above, is just so much stage play in an effort to raise the ante on lumber, fruits, shingles, and raw wool. The coastal group has too many hostages in the bill to do it any harm when the final vote is taken.

Mr. Hoover, by his courteous consideration for the prerogatives of the Congress, has neglected an opportunity to show himself more popular and powerful than his party. He can yet force the enactment of a better bill, but he will not do it if he clings to his present course. Worst of all, the senatorial group interpret his statement as signifying carte blanche approval.

No longer do we note signs that they are fearful of a veto. In the words of "Sunny Jim," the President's defender and apologist:

"Boy, did you ever hear of a Republican President vetoing a Republican tariff bill?"

A. F. C.

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Marriage by Mail

By GREGORY MASON

The author answered the advertisement of a matrimonial agency to while away a winter evening in the country. The revelations that followed were not at all what he expected. Mr. Mason is an explorer and a long-time contributor to this magazine

WE PROFESS to be shocked by the carefully arranged marriage of the French. We boast that others may marry for business reasons, but that we Americans marry for love. Yet the fact is that every year thousands of our fellow citizens enter matrimony on arrangements much more casual and on much slimmer acquaintance than characterizes the average French *marriage de convenance*. A large percentage of these are betrothed without ever having seen each other; they don't "meet the wife" until just before going to the altar. Others get married by proxy and never see the new spouse until days or weeks after the ceremony has been performed.

But after several months of studying the organized agencies which arrange marriages by mail, I have been driven to conclude that the percentage of success is greater in these unions than among those preceded by the traditional romantic courtship. That I am not the only one who has learned this is shown by the fact that the number of marriage bureaus and the number of people patronizing them is steadily increasing. This may surprise you, for the matrimonial business is carried on less conspicuously than it used to be. Most newspapers and magazines now close their columns to such advertising. The agencies are well aware that there is a popular prejudice against getting a bride by mail order. Therefore, they conduct their business with discreet lack of notoriety, while much of their literature is devoted to the contention that their way of making marriages is the intelligent way.

Certainly it seems to be a fact that most of the clients of these matrimonial bureaus are conservatives. I don't mean that they are persons whose names are in the Blue Book or Bradstreet's. But they belong to what likes to call itself "the honest hard-working citizenry which is the backbone of our country." Their sincerity in looking for the right kind of life partner is unmistakable. And the note of loneliness which sounds through their appeals is often pathetic.

Very few of them are the triflers, fly-by-nights and sensation seekers which I expected to find when I began to answer matrimonial advertisements simply as a joke a few months ago.

In a well known sporting magazine I saw the statement that for a two-cent stamp the agency would send a list of "beautiful wealthy ladies eager to marry." Hoping to find amusement for a winter evening I sent the stamp. But I expected that if the ladies in question existed at all they would prove to be members of an ancient but not honorable profession or perhaps promoters of breach-of-promise actions. By return mail I received one of the most interesting documents I have ever perused. Its cover was embellished by the portrait of a lady who appeared to be not only very beautiful, but chaste and demure. She was one of the three hundred and fifty women whose descriptions and pleas for husbands were between the covers of this well-printed catalog, as presentable a piece of advertising literature as the catalog of many a big manufacturer of automobiles or roofing.

SURPRISING, TOO, were the other photographs. They quite dispelled my cynicism. The ladies were of all ages, from eighteen to seventy-eight. Most of the young ones looked more accustomed to the tennis racket or the frying pan than the cocktail shaker. The older women appeared to be intelligent, even-natured, eminently respectable, in short, the sort of kind, capable housewives which we like to think may be found in large numbers presiding over the God-fearing homes of this country.

I picked out a dozen of all types and wrote to them, taking care to plant no false expectations! Eight answered. One was just marrying, but replied to my note in accordance with the rule of the agency that each lady must answer every courteous letter with stamped envelope enclosed. One said she had all the correspondence she cared for. Another said my religious qualifications were not adequate (she was an ardent Methodist). The other five expressed a willingness to continue the correspondence but only one of them wrote the sort of flirtatious, come-hither letter which might have been expected. I did not want to get in any deeper, and wrote no second letter. But I had learned what I wanted to know. This business of marrying by mail was obviously *bona fide*.

I began to look up other agencies. Only one of them sent a list from which I failed to get genuine response, and that was a small list of only a dozen names, "specially selected." But every business has its black sheep, and this was the exceptional fake among marriage agencies which proved the rule of validity.

Always the procedure is about the same. You send a two-cent stamp for the catalog or list. This brings you much glowing literature about the desirability of getting a wife or husband through that particular bureau and a list of descriptions of possible mates, but no names or addresses. These are supplied when you remit the bureau's fee. For men the fee ranges from two to five dollars and for women from one to three. When you get the addresses the rest is in your hands. Nearly all the bureaus call themselves "clubs" and you are given to understand that between the lady and gentleman members of the "club" equality and fair dealing prevails. You are under no obligation to marry until you actually propose. A small percentage of the members state frankly that they want to "correspond for amusement only." Others say, "write me for amusement and what it may lead to," or "amusement and results." But the great majority are in deep earnest and don't care to waste time on an unattractive matrimonial prospect. Where a mutual interest is aroused, it is usual to exchange photographs after the second or third letter, and if no "results" are reached it is good form to return photographs later. If the girl's photograph has been published in the catalog or newspaper of the matrimonial bureau the man often sends his picture with his first letter.

Quite a few agencies publish monthly or quarterly newspapers instead of catalogs, because with members marrying every day a catalog must soon be stripped of half its "live prospects." Other agencies rely on typewritten or

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mimeographed sheets of descriptions and names, as these may be kept up to date with little cost. Some of the most successful entrepreneurs of Cupid feature a personal service by which they give each candidate for matrimony a small specially selected list of members of the opposite sex believed likely to meet his or her requirements.

Generally the women who enroll with a matrimonial agency outnumber the men. This is partly because their fee is smaller, but it also bespeaks a condition in our civilization fraught with pathos for the feminine half. In the world today there are not enough men to go around, certainly not enough marrying men. Sociologists may and do suggest that this portends drastic changes in our social life, perhaps a considerable modification of the monogamous marriage; I can only report a pathetic inequality between supply and demand on the marriage market which any one who subscribes to one of the hundred or more matrimonial clubs scattered over the United States will soon discover for himself.

YET HE MUST be a hardened bachelor indeed who is impervious to the alluring appeals of these embassies of the little winged god. Isn't this melting:

"Until old age overtakes you you do not know what it is to live alone, uncared for, unknown; solitude fills one with forebodings. Solitude at home, by the fireside at night, is profoundly sad. The silence of the room in which one dwells alone is not only silence of the body, but silence of the soul, with nothing but a wasted past to look back upon, nothing but a lonely home and an unwept grave to look forward to. When one is old, it is well to have a loving companion, children, a home."

And think of the state of mind of a rancher on the plains of Texas or a mining engineer in the God-forsaken bad lands of Nevada when he reads this:

"Get you a neat, affectionate, true wife, one who will love you and make your home a paradise; a noble woman who will stand by you in trouble, dispel your gloomy moods by her bright smiles and stifle your sighs with warm, loving kisses. Do this and you will have nothing to wish for in this world . . . . We have ladies with pretty faces, ladies with ranches and ladies with city property. Young and handsome widows, willing to try matrimony again, alluring Spanish *Senoritas*. We have city Belles and country Maidens and many servant girls who have worked out for a long time, saved their money, and want to marry some industrious, respectable man and have a home of their own. Some of them are young and handsome, and they have from five dollars to five hundred saved up, and will make good industrious wives for some one. In your letter of instructions let us know just what you want. If you want to marry a woman with money to enable you to start up in some good business, say so."

Lest "Mr. Lonely Man," as the entrepreneurs of Eros like to call him, should still be hesitant, he is invited to read the testimonials of fellow humans who have found the matrimonial club the gate to Heaven on earth. I have seen the originals of scores of such testimonials, and can vouch that they have all the appearance of genuineness. Here are a few characteristic specimens, with the identity of the writers disguised:

"My dear Mr. Whiffen:—This will notify you that I am suited and that you have made another two very happy. Words are a poor medium of expression to describe the joy of a full cup. Heart hunger is the most devouring sensation of mortal man. The one you selected is a well-bred sensible little lady. . . .

I am forever your debtor, J. W.——"

". . . . I am writing to ask you to take my name off your books as I have found the girl I have been looking for. She is coming to me in the Spring. I thank you most heartily, and when we are married you will hear from us again.

I am, yours truly, H. F.——"

"My dear friend, Mrs. Trent:

I am applying to your motherly assistance again. In the year of 1910 I joined your club. Three months later I married Mr. C. H. M. of Chicago, who was also a member of your club. In November, 1920, while on duty for the Chicago Railroad Company, as a traffic agent, he lost his life. My dear friend: As my married life with Mr. C. H. M. in those years was so extremely happy, and his last wishes were for me to marry again, I am applying for your kind assistance, as your selections are first class, and I trust in you with all my heart. You took a kind, loyal interest in me once, and I know you will again.

I am, yours most gratefully,

Mrs. C. H. M."

The descriptions which the aspirants of domestic bliss write of themselves, the qualifications they expect of the ideal connubial partner are a revelation to any one interested in practical psychology and the workings of the human heart. With no apparent sense of incongruity one young lady writes, "I am very easy to get along with. Have been divorced." Another says, "My religion is doing what is right. Am not beautiful, but comfortable." This young woman is sure that the only type of man she can love, is "a brunet, tall and true."

To judge by the evidence disclosed in hundreds of such romantic documents the average man and woman has a very definite idea of his or her physical ideal. It is not surprising that the blond craves a brunette, and vice versa, but the faith which many of these love-hungry persons specify exact details of stature and poundage is something of a shock to the idealist. "I am 64 inches, 124 pounds," writes a girl of eighteen. "Want a man of 68 inches, 150 pounds with a classical profile." It sounds more like a call for a floor-walker than for a husband!

Of course, in some cases, the satisfaction of such minute specifications would have a professional value. For example, it is quite to be expected that a motion picture actress who says she is an extreme blonde would regard as a valuable mate a man "highly educated, cultured and moneyed, one who will enjoy my company and help me gain new laurels. Must be brunet, tall and capable of meeting the public."

Although there is a good deal of frank appeal to the commercial instincts of humankind in the selling literature of some matrimonial agencies, my investigation has led me to believe that the matches induced by material advantages alone are very rare. And when they are so arranged it is usually with an admirable frankness. A nineteen-year-old girl whose photograph stamps her a maid of unusual beauty frankly declares: "I want a man who at marriage will give me $10,000 to complete my schooling and study of art and music which means everything to me. I will marry at once and will love and honor my husband." Mercenary, say you? In a way, yes, but certainly there is a pleasant absence of hypocrisy in this maiden, and her desire to improve the artistic gifts she was born with appeals to the sympathy.

Mrs. Elsa Thorpe, who at Brooklyn, New York, conducts one of the oldest,

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most reliable and most successful matrimonial clubs in the country, confirms my own finding that the purely mercenary marriage is a rare occurrence among those who patronize matrimonial agencies. Mrs. Thorpe says:

"Sometimes men join my club whose chief motive in seeking marriage is to acquire wealth. But they almost never succeed. I discourage this sort of thing, for I run my business on the highest principles, and my lady clients are quick to see through the sort of suitor whose only interest is commercial. Of course, a marriage should be based on commonsense, but in my experience nearly every match has an element of romance in it. The sort of people who use a matrimonial bureau are the earnest, careful kind. For instance, there is a much greater prejudice against divorce among my 3,000 members than you would find among any group of 3,000 people taken at random outside. Some clubs will not accept divorced persons whose former mates are still living. My club is an old one, as it was conducted for years by my father and mother, so it has often had the experience of marrying the same person twice. But in nearly every instance a death and not a divorce made this possible. This is so in my own case, for after my first husband died I again found a partner through the medium of this bureau, and although I had plenty of choices outside this club I feel I could not have done so well in that way."

Mrs. Thorpe receives an average of seventy-five applications a day. It is interesting to note that she reports her business is always lighter toward the end of the month, when rent and other inescapable items of expense are looming up for our citizenry.

"The religious factor is the most important one," adds this experienced matrimonial director. "The thing that my clients insist on most is compatibility on the subject of church."

When I saw Mrs. Thorpe, the oldest member of her club was seventy-six. "She won't be on the rolls long. I have married many as old as that."

"There is a lot of hard work in this business, and the profits are not as large as would reward an equal effort in some other lines. But it is a great satisfaction to feel that you have added to human happiness. Not a day goes by but I get letters of thanks and presents from men and women I have happily married, and at Christmas my house looks like an express office, what with all the packages of good things which come in from my grateful clients."

It appears that nearly all men want wives no older than themselves, and preferably a little younger. In their twenties and thirties the girls choose husbands who are from two to ten years older than themselves, but as women go above forty more and more of them seem quite willing to espouse men younger than themselves. In certain cases much is to be said for this, as in the case of a widow of sixty-five who wants a husband husky and active enough to run her farm for her. Ladies of this age are not rare on the matrimonial roster. As many women enroll over sixty-five as under twenty.

WILL YOU WRITE TO ME?

6409—28—Iowa. I am a young lady with a pleasing appearance; 28 years of age; I am 5 ft. 2 in ht; wt. 114; blue eyes; dark brown hair; medium complexion; have a strong personality; have taught school the last few years and can address a public gathering well with ease while on the platform. My education consists of college and university where I also took a course in expression. I have traveled quite extensively and in this way rounding out my education. I am a good cook and neat housekeeper and a great home body. I like all out of doors sports, am fond of the beautiful and have high ideals. Am religiously inclined and like to go to church. I would like to correspond with a young man between the ages of 30 and 35 who would have the same tastes in general and make a good pal. Prefer him to have blue or gray eyes, light brown hair, medium height, high ideals, very refined who cares for the best of everything.—*From a Matrimonial Agency Catalog.*

WHAT STRANGE QUIRKS of taste one finds in these intimate avowals! One woman must have a contractor or carpenter "because they are steady." Another insists that only a restaurateur or hotel man can hope to win her hand. "For men in these trades are always kind and good natured."

It is more to be expected that women often express a distaste for "sheiks and parlor lizards" and that men vow that "flappers and jazz queens need waste no postage on me." An aversion to extreme blondes and to maids with bobbed hair is also common among men who are earnest in wanting a wife. The boys who are seeking to extend their circle of "girl friends" and want correspondence "for amusement only" rather welcome these features, however. In short it seems to be male opinion that bobbed hair and very light complexions characterize the sort of girls who make good sweethearts and poor wives.

And here is another interesting finding: despite the present vogue of the slender feminine figure, there exists among the masculine clients of marriage agencies a distinct preference for girls of a moderate plumpness. This suggests that the supposed beauty of the stringy type of female may exist chiefly in the imaginations of dressmakers and the creators of women's fashions.

No one of any capacity for sympathy can wade through thousands of these human documents as I have done without being moved by the strain of pathos which pervades them all. It is, "I long for some one I could love as my heart gets awfully lonesome for some true fellow," or "I do not care for riches as I am poor myself. Please let me hear from some one soon as I am very lonely." Again, "I am a lonely little widow of 51 summers . . . Loving and affectionate disposition. Refined and as good as can be. Am looking for some nice man to love me as I have never realized what that is."

The quotations in the foregoing paragraph, be it understood, are taken from notices written for matrimonial catalogs. Naturally the letters one receives when one follows these up are more intimately moving. Here are two samples below. The first is from a prominent clubwoman in a western State:

"I am so tired I didn't know whether to write or not but it certainly seems good to be able to converse with 'your kind.' I am indeed lonely although of

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Babbitt and the Weather

An Editorial by Ellsworth Huntington

NATIONAL character is a dish of many and varied ingredients. One of the flavors most noticeable in our national character is our intense activity. We want to be always on the go; we do not take time to think; "results" are what we demand. So active are we that we make work of our play, and have scant respect for the man of leisure who puts culture ahead of wealth. This virtue or vice is doubtless due partly to the boundless opportunities of a new country and to the fact that immigrants to such a country tend to be people of unusual energy and of a temperament which seeks activity and novelty. But in addition to this our climate appears to stimulate activity more than does that of any other country. England, Germany, Australia, and even most parts of Canada have climates just enough different from ours so that their people do not feel the constant stimulus which keeps us so swiftly on the move.

The feature of our climate which probably has most to do with this activity is not our extremes of heat and cold. Siberia has far greater extremes, but they do not result in such activity. The vital feature appears to be our cyclonic storms and the variability from day to day which accompanies them. Students of the problem are not yet in entire agreement, but the facts have recently become much more clear through investigations of the Committee on Atmosphere and Man of the National Research Council at Washington.

The changes in the weather act something like this: A drop in temperature from one day to the next is followed immediately by increased activity in the daily work of life, by an improvement in health, and by a diminution of the death rate. A rise in temperature from one day to the next is followed by diminished activity, poorer health, and a higher death rate. This seems reasonable enough in hot weather, but why should it also be true in cold weather? It seems only reasonable that in cold weather a rise of temperature should be stimulating and a drop the reverse. And such is actually the case after a day or two, *but not at first*. The extraordinary and as yet unexplained feature is that the *change in itself* seems to have an effect quite apart from that of the temperature to which it leads.

This seems so unreasonable that some of the best authorities are sceptical about it. Yet each new investigation establishes the facts more surely. An analogy will make the matter clear. A person in vigorous health steps into a cold bath. He emerges in a warm glow. If he at once dries himself and dresses he feels a strength and vigor which make him want to work with unusual energy. But let him stay in the cold water an hour, and he emerges so chilled that he may become ill. A hot bath produces the opposite effect upon exactly the same person. The moment the warm water flows over him the bather feels an immediate sense of relaxation. So well known is this that physicians often employ hot baths as a means of relieving nervous tension. But if the patient stays in the hot bath an hour and then dresses without a cold douche, he is so sensitive to the outside air that he may catch cold even in summer. Now carry the problem a step further. Do the effects of the atmospheric changes from one day to the next balance one another? It would seem reasonable to suppose that they do, but the facts point in the other direction. The Committee on Atmosphere and Man has assembled data for Stockholm, New York City, and other parts of the United States. These strongly suggest that at all temperatures, summer and winter alike, a certain definite degree of variability is associated with the best health and greatest activity. In other words, a certain degree of variability from day to day appears to be just as essential to the best health and greatest activity as are certain conditions of temperature and atmospheric moisture. Too much variability is harmful, as every one recognizes. The new thing is the discovery that too slight a degree of variability is even more harmful.

This conclusion sounds reasonable enough, but it is wholly at variance with our ordinary practise. The average physician almost invariably sends his patients to a mild and equable climate where the changes from day to day are at a minimum. This may be wise in many cases, but it is like taking warm baths all the time with no cold douches—very pleasant, but not at all stimulating. If a man wants the maximum stimulus let him take a Swedish bath where he is showered alternately with water from two hoses, one hot and one cold. Even a very tired man emerges from such a bath with a surprising access of vigor.

By reason of our many storms and continental climate we in the United States, especially in the northeastern quarter from Minnesota and Missouri to the Atlantic, are subjected to a sort of atmospheric Swedish bath all the time. Whether that is good for us or not in the long run remains to be seen. At any rate it appears to be an important element in giving a distinct flavor to our national character. Perhaps this flavor is no more important than the salt and pepper in our soup, but it has an astonishing effect upon our relations with the rest of the world. It does not make us intellectual, or thorough, or tactful, but it does make us extraordinarily active. That may be one of the chief reasons why we excel not only in mere material wealth, but in our love of speed, our passion for "putting things over," and our extraordinary activity in bootlegging and other kinds of crime. We cannot change our climate, nor can we change those particular flavors of our national character which arise from our climate. Nevertheless, if we know what it is which makes us go so fast, we can perhaps find out how to regulate our powers of speed more reasonably, and thereby improve our character.

Where Is Mankind Going?

Dr. Huntington of Yale University has been a member of the Committee on Relation of Atmosphere to Man, of the National Research Council. His work has brought disclosures which are of great importance to the future of America; among them that the American Babbitt may be a phenomenon caused by the weather. Dr. Huntington is among the contributors to this weekly page

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Man from the North

In the Wilderness. By SIGRID UNDSET: Knopf $3. Published Sept. 27.

THE TIME to write fully of Sigrid Undset's second novel-group will be after the final volume, *The Son Avenger* is published. *In the Wilderness* shows Olav Audnusson, now a widower, lost in the thick, swampy wood of early middle-age, the lime hope has withered in the bloom and resignation not yet become fruitful. Olav lacks the blessed misery of Ingunn's presence, that presence which kept the sin and sorrow of youth firm before his eyes and sustained him by sharing it. He is at cross-purposes with Eirik, his son, half-hating, half-adoring him, and wholly misunderstanding. Olav goes upon a trading venture to England, where in the streets of Fourteenth-Century London, curious experiences of the flesh and of the spirit await him. Drawn towards a monastic life by the promise of peace which it seems to hold, he dreams of joining a religious order, but his own soul "outcast of God" thwarts him. The Hound of Heaven pursues but Olav will still be fleeing. In battles of the flesh, the dead Ingunn triumphs over every living rival. Olav returns to Norway, taking a sober satisfaction in the performance of accustomed tasks. When the Swedes invade Norway, Olav joins in the defense of his country and, in one of the most spirited scenes of the novel, fights a great battle and is severely and disfiguringly wounded. In soliloquy, he expresses what may be taken as the theme of this volume of the Master of Hestkiven tetralogy. "He saw now, it was not his suffering that destroyed the happiness of his life—a man may be happier while he suffers than when his days are good. And sufferings that are of some avail, they are like the spear-points that raise the shield on which the young king's son sits when his subjects do him homage."

We have recently seen Sigrid Undset's books included among "semi-historical" novels in a bibliography of historical fiction (Neild: Macmillan). It seems to us that they have no place there. The atmosphere which they create, in spite of references historically accurate, is not related to any time. But it *is* related to a place. The long winter of the North, its fierce, brief summer, brood over Undset's books. And Olav Audnusson is Northern man. Herein lies, perhaps, the surest explanation of the interest which the general reader, here, takes in work which would otherwise repel him by its solid dullness, dullness which is sometimes strength as brilliance is sometimes fragility, and which bears so nobly the important weight of Sigrid Undset's work. The Northern man is the prey of conflicting desires. He burns with love and freezes with pride. He has no such singleness of heart as marks the Mediterranean. In Jewry the kindly young man turned away for he had great possessions. In Italy the singing Wastrel chose Lady Poverty to be his bride and followed her without a backward look. And in the great and tragic North, man is torn between the impulse to make the grand gesture of sacrifice and the impulse to exalt himself in the sight of the world: between mysticism and war. And for that reason the Middle Ages, the centuries in which Undset places her studies in human psychology, offered Northern man his greatest opportunity. In Crusade he could fight for Christ and fill his coffers. In Domnei, he could bow the knee and win his spurs. In the building of Chartres he could glorify the Blessed Queen of Heaven and put his ineradicable mark on glass and stone.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Illustration by Peggy Bacon from Carl Sandburg's Rootabaga Country. (Harcourt, Brace)

New Poetry

Leaves in Windy Weather. By EUNICE TIETJENS: Knopf. $2.

Gold Coast Customs. By EDITH SITWELL: Houghton Mifflin. $2.

O City, Cities! By R. ELLSWORTH LARSSON: Payson and Clarke.

Sonnets from a Lock Box. By ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH: Houghton Mifflin. $2.

Time's Profile. By HILDEGARDE FLANNER: Macmillan. $2.

IN THESE NEW BOOKS of verse, Eunice Tietjen's performance is the least disappointing, Edith Sitwell's the most ambitious, and Ellsworth Larsson's the most original. It would be difficult to determine the relative values of three such qualities, and it hardly would be worth the trouble. Certainly, *Sonnets from a Lock Box* and *Time's Profile* with their respective "invisible loveliness ornate" and account of how "immensity plunged to the sky and fainted in its inverted ocean of gentian-burning" are unimportant collections of poems on a variety of trite subjects.

Although *Leaves in Windy Weather* has no particular excellence, it at least manages to escape absolute mediocrity. The best of Mrs. Tietjens' verse has the quiet charm that comes from experience in the perception and selection of material as well as in the treatment of it; thought is neither lacking nor profound, and while it has no spontaneous lyric impulse the emotion is usually genuine. *The Man Who Loved Mary* and some of the pieces *From the Orient* are of passing interest.

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Edith Sitwell's principal attempt is to interpret the Gold Coast Negro's intense undervaluation of humanity, and she does this effectively with sharp images and rhythms which strike deep into the mood of the primitive. The other poems are entirely inconsequential.

Frankly experimental in manner and perfectly irregular in construction, Ellsworth Larsson's verse has the merit of originality. But in spite of the jacket's statement to the contrary, it can easily "be read with indifference." Like the present offerings of these other minor poets, this volume is well worth avoiding.

The Week's Reading

Class of 1902. By Ernst Glaeser. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir: Viking Press. $2.50.

This striking and very moving book is a story of the War from a new angle. The children born in 1902 were too young to be soldiers or the sweethearts of soldiers; but they were not too young to suffer. The hero-narrator of the novel (probably the author, for the novel is certainly autobiographical in emotional content) and his comrades were twelve years old when the War began. Already they had learned of the bullying cruelty of a military caste, the insidious strength of "Deutchland über Alles." They were of an age when the great lesson they were trying to learn was the old lesson of certain, fruitful life. Speedily they had, instead, to learn of death and doubt and hunger; first the whisper and suspense, then the shouts of daring and of victory; and then the lists of dead, the empty larders and the kitchens without fuel; then lust. First flags, then mourning, then women more concerned about the emptiness of their children's bellies and their own beds than about flags that fluttered or men that fell. Men boasting, then despairing: and then animals with appetites. Death and hunger: those words are like a note held too long through the song of adolescence, and they give it a bald brutality which no such song should have. *Class of 1902* in its picture of War-time youth is in a way an explanation of this generation which calls itself "The Lost." The fierce truth, the sharp, hard insight of the novel is made not only endurable but also rich because there is in it, also, tenderness and warmth. A good trio, these German war books, *Grischa, All Quiet* and *Class of 1902.*

The House of Gold. By Liam O'Flaherty: Harcourt Brace. $2.50.

A note of doom is struck in the first lines of *The House of Gold,* when Nora, the wife of Ramon Mor Costello, comes up the cliff path to meet her lover. Even the moonlight menaces and the lapping of waves is a prophecy and a knell. The atmosphere is charged with guilt and fear of judgment. This tragic mood is sustained and intensified until the end of this novel, surely one of the most terrible stories in modern literature. Here we have the classic catharsis in an Irish village of today. Ramon Mor, hoarding his gold, and the golden-haired Nora, the priest, and the lover O'Neill, move inevitably toward the final catastrophe, although their compulsions are of their own natures rather than the working of destiny. As in his earlier novel *The Assassin,* the author writes with that complete detachment which is so notable also in the plays of Sean O'Casey. Detachment is scarcely a quality we expect of Irishmen and yet we recall no contemporary writers who so perfectly preserve the Olympian attitude as these two extraordinary Irish geniuses.

The House of Gold, a chronicle of unspeakable evil, of horror, and overwhelming ruin, is lifted from the merely sordid to the levels of pure tragedy by a pervading sense of Nemesis, by imaginative richness and a dreadful beauty.

Mary Shirley.

Idols Behind Altars. By Anita Brenner: Payson and Clarke. $5.

It seems likely that this large and careful and impassioned book will take its place beside Gruening's brilliant and judicious *Mexico and Its Heritage* as a necessity to any one who would study the Central American republic. Where that book dealt largely with Mexican political history, this deals exclusively with the emotional essense of Mexico, especially as it expresses itself in creation. Aesthetic expression in Mexico will be found to include religion, folk-lore, social philosophy as well as plastic art and literature and music. The author sees the spirit of the ancient culture as the idol behind the altar, the changeless force which has transmuted and absorbed every imported element of foreign civilization. The text of Miss Brenner's book shows exhaustive research, based upon deep intimacy, and significant conclusion, but without the formality and pedantry which the words "research" and "conclusion" suggest. Understanding and love of Mexico, feeling and knowledge about it have informed Miss Brenner's work with warmth.

The illustrations are not the least important feature of the book. There has recently sprung up, here, an admiration for the Mexican artistic achievement not difficult to understand when one considers the poverty of plastic art expression in this country. Miss Brenner is by way of being an authority on Mexican art, but it seems to us that she is also an ardent advocate, reading into her material certain qualities which it cannot be shown to possess. From the illustrations in *Idols Behind Altars* one sees the Mexicans as people with an innate and deeply-rooted art sense, as born craftsmen, with the rare gift of requiring no more of their material than it is able to give. (Miss Brenner speaks of Mexican integrity.) It seems to us that their work is ferocious, melodramatic, top-heavy; that it is propagandistic in character; that social political, carnal and aesthetic elements mix in it to form a turbulent olio. Founded on chaos, it appears about to collapse into chaos but to be saved by a sort of mystic order. Perhaps this is the dual heritage from a primitive and from a decadent civilization which makes Mexico, to Northerners, obscure and more foreign than the antipodes.

Witches Still Live. By Thed Kenyon: Washburn.

In this book of curious interest the author traces the history of witchcraft from its origins in the cult of Diana, through the Druid rites and the practices of the medieval Coven down to the contemporary cases in the United States. Miss Kenyon points out that the extent of the famous Salem witchcraft has been considerably exaggerated and that belief in witches is as common in certain parts of America today as in the Colonial period. With equal impartiality she offers as her authorities the daily press of this country and Europe or such erudite works as the Golden Bough. She describes various rites of devil worship, gives details regarding love potions and spells both good and bad. She refers to Joan of Arc as the most illustrious of witches and seems to

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think there was some ground for the charge against her in that she was a Grande Maitresse of the Coven. She mentions many famous "familiars" of history, notably the Man in Red who appeared at Napoleon's side at more than one crucial moment in his career. For the reader who enjoys a cold shiver now and then, this strangely diverting volume is highly recommended. It is better than the best "mystery" stories.

MARY SHIRLEY.

Eminent Asians. By JOSEF WASHINGTON HALL: Appleton. $5.

THIS IS A BOOK which meets in a satisfactory way a general need. It contains portraits of six great personalities of the new East by an able commentator on Oriental affairs. In his excellent prologue on Personality in Asia, Mr. Hall makes a very pertinent and illuminating statement. "Asian leaders" he says "for the most part have been mellowed and therefore weakened by the sense of their own insignificance and fallibility." This wise and subtle judgment is borne out to a great extent in the critico-biographical essays which follow. The paper on Stalin is especially significant, while that on Sun Yat Sen brings the reader to share Mr. Hall's evident prejudice in favor of the Chinese.

Merely Players. By CLAUDE BRAGDON: Knopf. $3.

TO THESE portrait sketches of some of his friends who belong by nature to a time before what Mr. Bragdon calls the present "Age of Distrust," the author brings a glowing sincerity, a ripe culture and an agreeable literary style. A departure from the philosophical trend of most of Mr. Bragdon's more important work, these essays nevertheless reveal his personality. Passages of acute critical observation conceal themselves in paragraphs of apparently artless appreciation and lend zest to sketches which might otherwise be too personal to be generally interesting.

An Hour With the Movies and the Talkies. By GILBERT SELDES: Lippincott. $1.

NOT FORGETTING the vigor and originality of Ford Madox Ford's book on the English novel, we can still find Gilbert Seldes's admirable essay on the Movies and Talkies the best volume, so far, in Lippincott's *One Hour Series.* For one thing, time-space and subject match. A man cannot learn enough about the English novel or about American history in an hour's reading to change his intellectual grasp or aesthetic appreciation of the subject one iota. But all that he needs or cares to know about an industry thirty-five years old at the most can be compressed into that space. And Gilbert Seldes has done it. A theorist, himself, he says "in almost all practical matters, the theorist has been right about the movies and the practical men, with a few exceptions, have been wrong." And he proves his point. He gives a brief history of the movies and brings to a discussion of their past course, present direction and probable destination. His answers to his self-posed questions, "Why has no figure comparable to Chaplin in slap-stick comedy appeared in any of the other types of movie?" and "Has the movie come to its natural end—'end' as 'death' or as 'goal'—in the talking picture?" seem sound and are certainly interesting. If you are concerned with the movies at all—and no one can ignore their position in American life—you will want to read this book.

How to Be a Hermit. By WILL CUPPY: Liveright. $2.50.

THESE PAPERS are guaranteed to tickle any one who is at all ticklish. Mr. Cuppy claims to be the hermit of Jonezez Island where he associates exclusively with clams and coast-guards. He invented the Clam-juice cocktail, but he does not mention that among his "Hard-boiled Recipes," a paper bound to be widely discussed. Personally, we prefer "Diogenes, or the Future of Housekeeping," but "Spinach and the Good Life" will please the little folks.

Carry Nation by HERBERT ASBURY (Knopf. $3) and *Beethoven, the Man Who Freed Music* by ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER (Doubleday, Doran, 2 vols. $10) having been published serially in The Outlook and Independent will not be reviewed here. Both are issued in book form this week.

Borgia by ZONA GALE (Knopf) reviewed in the issue of September 11th as published that week will not be published until October 11.

Up at the Villa. By MARIE CHER: Appleton. $2.

WHEREVER you go in modern fiction you meet Henry James. You come face to face with him in the tortuous mazes of French gardens, he pops up from important American dumps, in the rural prospect his voice is heard from a hay-stack, on English lawns he stalks among the fritilaries. Although we had not noticed him behind *The Door Unlatched,* it was scarcely surprising to find him *Up at the Villa.* Here he looks benignantly over the shoulder of a malicious old woman who keeps a journal. This dreadful lady will have a play going on lest she be bored. She pulls the strings of little lives and dissects her puppets while they jerk and turn. Her players are a neurotic Englishman and his consumptive son, an avid Russian sculptress, a faint English widow, a cold-blooded Italian Narcissus, scapegoat as villain for her devilish piece, "and attendants." The

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated from the German by A. W. Wheen: Little Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War which shows what the common soldier thinks of it, whatever flag he follows. Reviewed June 5.

Whiteoaks of Jalna, by Mazo de la Roche: Little, Brown. Another vivid story of the Whiteoaks family which solves some of its problems. Reviewed Sept. 11.

The Dark Journey, by Julien Green: Harpers. A sombre drama of passion and introspection written in limpid prose. Reviewed August 28.

They Stooped to Folly, by Ellen Glasgow: Doubleday, Doran. A comedy of changing fashions in morality, admirably written with fine balance and icy wit. Reviewed August 7.

The Field of Honor, by Donn Byrne: Century, A romantic account of the conflict between British gold and Napoleonic genius, written in picturesque prose. Reviewed Sept. 11.

Non-Fiction

The Tragic Era, by Claude Bowers: Houghton, Mifflin. A vigorous, careful and dramatic study of the Reconstruction. Reviewed Sept. 11.

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

The Specialist, by Chic Sale: Specialist Publishing Co. Life story and philosophy of a "privy-counselor."

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann: Macmillan. A brilliant analysis of the dilemma of the thoughtful man of to-day and a suggested philosophy of life. Reviewed May 8.

Mansions of Philosophy, by Will Durant: Simon and Schuster. Popular history of philosophy. Reviewed June 19.

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novel is elaborate and handsome in style. There is some wit in it but very little spontaneity. And, though undeniably well-written, there seems no good reason why it should have been written at all.

The Uncertain Trumpet. By A. S. M. Hutchinson: Little Brown & Co. $2.50.

Time was when Mr. Hutchinson could write a thoroughly good tale, human and humorous; it seems incredible that the author of *Once Aboard the Lugger* should be responsible for this latest work from the same pen. But with *The Happy Warrior,* which in its way was a moving story, Mr. Hutchinson began to exhibit symptoms of a kind of Job fixation which has grown steadily worse. Mark Sabre in *If Winter Comes* was almost too patient in affliction but the trials of David Quest in *The Uncertain Trumpet* are overwhelming, at least to this reader. The novel abounds in moral platitudes and is distinguished chiefly by a pompous emphasis upon unoriginal ideas. The author has an annoying habit of repeating the same phrase many times. Another monotonous mannerism is that of placing a qualifying phrase at the end of a sentence in a way all his own. This peculiarity reached the maximum of absurdity where one of the women characters, in a moment of terrible anguish, "throws herself upon a chair, winding her arms about her face, her tumults insupportable on her feet." At this point the reader likewise found her tumults insupportable on her feet.

Mary Shirley.

Casanova Loved Her. By Bruno Brunelli. Translated by Arthur McKechie: Liveright. $3.50.

Admirers of Casanova and lovers of Erotica will be interested in learning that the puzzle as to the identity of Mademoiselle X C V, who figured in one of the scandalous episodes of the memoirs, has been solved by Signor Brunelli, whose search has been rewarded by the discovery of the indiscreet love-letters of a Miss Guistiniana Wynne who flourished in Eighteenth Century Paris, London and Venice. He has constructed a lively story from these letters and other records, and has given it a sprightly background.

(Please Turn to Page 193)

The Science and Art of Living

As discussed in recent books

Considering the length of time Man has been thinking about himself, wondering about the nature of the mind or soul and its relation to the body, trying to explain human thoughts and actions, it does seem rather strange that in this late century of ours there should be greater difference of opinion among the professional psychologists than ever before. Yet so apparently it is. The warring schools of the present—structuralist, functionalist, behavioristic, hormic, *Gestalt,* "understanding," and others—do not even agree on what psychology is, what it should discuss. Some would make mental states alone the object of investigation; others deny the existence of mental states. Some find the essentials of mind in the unconscious, others in the physical organism, while others care nothing about its essentials and would study only the surface phenomena.

An historical setting for these current controversies, as well as a clear and impersonal statement of contemporary theories and their leading inventors or exponents, is provided by Professor W. B. Pillsbury of the University of Michigan in his *The History of Psychology* (Norton). Dr. Pillsbury traces the development of psychological thinking from the earliest recorded speculations roused by the phenomenon of death to the work of Loeb, Verworn, Lloyd Morgan, Thorndike, Pavlov, Watson, McDougall, Freud, Jung, Adler, Wirtheimer, Koffa, Köhler, Spranger, Binswanger, Ewald, and other contemporaries.

To the untutored lay mind the theories of these moderns are easily matched in interest by those of the pre-Socratic school of Atomists, founded by Leukippos and Demokritos. They figured out that the universe is composed entirely of atoms, differing in size and shape but alike in substance, all constantly moving around in space. Gradually the larger and relatively slow-moving atoms have gravitated together, as the result of chance movements, to form bodies, while mind consists of the extremely small atoms, which are extremely mobile and penetrate all the interstices between the body atoms. Hearing and sight are produced by atoms thrown off from the luminous or sounding object, which enter the eye or the ear and through it reach the soul within. Color and taste depend on the shape of the atoms: sourness, for example, has sharp, angular atoms. Well, doesn't all that sound reasonable?

Among those who, following Dr. Watson, would limit the field of psychology to the "factual matter of the science of behavior" and who hold that interpretative doctrines belong rightfully to philosophy, are Dr. Mandel Sherman and his wife, authors of *The Process of Human Behavior* (Norton). Their book, based on experiments on babies and older children in Chicago and Washington, develops the theory that personality, the characteristic behavior of an individual, is fashioned by experience. By tickling, stroking, pricking, and poking babies, testing the coordination of their eyes and arms, dropping them suddenly two or three feet, and other ingenious experiments (all of them humane, perhaps we should say), Dr. and Mrs. Sherman have collected some interesting data about the rate at which the learning process goes on, from the very hour of birth, as indicated by sensori-motor and emotional responses.

The responses of all newborn infants, they tell us, are much alike, and are "strikingly undefined, uncoordinated, and aimless." Differences in intelligence, however, defined as "the ability to adjust to new situations," begin to appear within a few hours after birth, and "evidence of general mental retardation may be obtained in the infant under two weeks of age." Differences in characteristic emotional responses are also observable at a very early age, and "the first two or three years of a child's life are exceedingly important in determining his personality."

Two distinguished Viennese psychologists have recently visited the United States: one, Dr. Karl Bühler, a university professor of psychology and associated with his wife in scientific child research; the other, Dr. Alfred Adler, professor of psychology at the Institute of Vienna, author of *Understanding Human Nature* and other earlier works, and usually regarded as of the school of Freud and Jung.

What appears to be the substance of Dr. Adler's American lectures has now

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been published under the title *The Science of Living* (Greenberg). The goal of the individual psychology which Dr. Adler presents is social adjustment, and he insists that the paradox is only verbal. Its method begins and ends with the problem of inferiority. Striving and success have their basis in inferiority, which is thus beneficent; but maladjustment arises from the sense of inferiority, and an inferiority complex results when the individual does not find a proper concrete goal of superiority.

Application of psychological laws to industry has concerned itself in America largely with problems of personnel: finding tests to help in placing men, women, and children in positions for which they are adapted. Research which has for its object increasing efficiency has had a greater development in Europe. A comprehensive, well organized, fascinating survey of the present status of knowledge in this field is presented by Professor Harold Ernest Burtt, of Ohio State University, in *Psychology and Industrial Efficiency* (Appleton).

Progress has been made on such problems as the best methods of training new workers; reduction of fatigue; relief of monotony; the psychological effects of different conditions of light, ventilation, and noise; individual differences in susceptibility to various conditions. Some of the most interesting of the hundreds of experiments summarized by Dr. Burtt indicate that mental work can be carried on much longer than muscular operations without much loss of efficiency, and that with sufficiently strong motives, efficiency can be kept up even after the feeling of weariness becomes extreme.

Little is known about the effects of music on industrial efficiency, though its influence on morale is generally recognized. Sporadic experiments indicate that it may have a stimulating effect on some operations, such as sorting mail, sewing, and rolling cigars, but there is always the danger that the rhythm of the music may conflict with the natural rhythm of the work, and so slow it up. A survey of *Music in Industry* by Kenneth S. Clark has been published by the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music. Bands, orchestras, glee clubs, and choruses for social and recreational purposes, morning "sings" as a tonic start for the day, are the leading forms of musical activities found in the 679 industrial plants and business houses covered by the survey. The book contains a picture of a dairy where turning on the phonograph increases the yield of milk.

EDWARD T. DEVINE.

"for heaven's sake—STAND UP STRAIGHT!"

"FOR centuries, irritated parents, tired from the day's work, or quailing at the prospect of it, have been lying back in their favorite chairs and snarling at their offspring, for heaven's sake to stand up straight"—writes Armitage Whitman, M. D., in November HYGEIA, the Health Magazine of the American Medical Association.

In "Proper Posture," Dr. Whitman reveals a rare sense of humor and a delightful style. He entertains you while laying down definite, concrete ways for obtaining and maintaining correct posture. His article, like all HYGEIA articles, is a treat for everyone who enjoys straight-forward facts about health problems.

Other Features in November HYGEIA

"The Sanity of the Criminal" is a timely article in which Winfred Overholser, M. D., discusses the important role the psychiatrist plays in modern criminal courts.

In *"The Control of Pernicious Anemia,"* Julian W. Brandeis analyzes the insidious disease, Pernicious Anemia, and tells of recent successful advances to combat it.

"Diseases of Some Famous Characters of History." Were Caesar and Napoleon epileptics? What actually caused George Washington's death? You'll enjoy this informative and highly interesting article by James O. Nall, M. D.

"Simple Lessons in Human Anatomy–Number IX." Graphic illustrations add to the interest of this noteworthy series by B. C. H. Harvey, M. D. "The Alimentary Canal" is discussed in November HYGEIA.

In Addition:

Besides the above features and regular departments, November HYGEIA includes: "The Aim of Mental Hygiene," "When the Doctor Takes a Blood Count," "Pthisipphobia," "A New Foster Mother," "Retrieving the Carrot," "Prince Slipshod and Doctor Tidy," "How Undesirable Immigrants Are Discovered," etc. Mail the coupon and $1.00 for six months of HYGEIA. The magazine through which outstanding medical authorities talk to you in the quiet of your home just as your own family physician would if he had the time and opportunity.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

IT SEEMS that we all went to the wrong shows last week. At least, if we are to take the word of the ticket speculators, we didn't get around to the only one which bears genuine evidence of being a hit: *Strictly Dishonorable,* upon which we will report next week.

Instead, we went bravely to *The Street Singer, The Cape Cod Follies, The Crooks' Convention, A Strong Man's House,* and *Rope's End.* Of the five, the one with the most defects in it seemed to us on reflection to be the best: *The Cape Cod Follies.* It is much too full of good old Cape Cod, of course; and nobody can dance well enough to meet the standards of Broadway stardom; neither can anybody sing superlatively well. Neither can it be said that the sketches are marvelously funny, nor is there any scene that will remain in the memory for many a year. And, yet, the fresh quality of the show is invigorating enough, despite its defects, to make us wish that some first-class revue producer had taken it in hand and re-orchestrated the music, cut out half the sketches, taught the performers how to make their points tell, and generously pulled it together. With these things done, it would provide a most entertaining evening, presented by people of an intelligence and attractiveness far above the usual Broadway revue cast.

In particular, the show serves as an exhibit of the new kind of youthful, American girl, who is found on the beaches these days, constituting we think a new type; distinctly objective, beautifully made physically, totally devoid of feminine mystery, magnificently active and athletic, and a little bit inclined to military drill, instead of the art of emotion. These girls dance in and out of Cape Cod light houses, sea beaches, gardens, cranberry bogs, country stores, old hook rugs, pirate shops, wind mills, and all the local scenes that visitors to the Cape know so well.

Some of the music is almost haunting and we imagine would be downright popular if properly played. Unfortunately the book, at times, through the enthusiasm of the authors, smacks of Rotary Club advertising—quite unmeant, we are sure. Yet one scene in particular struck us as memorable: an imitation by Peter Joray of *Intimate Moments With Her Majesty Queen Victoria.* So exceedingly close to life is his reproduction that it makes one almost uneasy, although all that happens is in four scenes: Her Majesty entering her imaginary victoria and driving past the Horse Guards; Her Majesty having her portrait done; Her Majesty going painting birds at Brighton; and finally Her Majesty gazing at the Albert Memorial on the day of its unveiling. This last, if you will believe us, was for us one of the most poignant moments we've experienced for some time in the theatre, despite the conviction of the gentlemen in back of us that it was meant to be exceedingly funny, and not a reproduction of the rush of memories to an old woman staring at a memorial to her vanished lover. For sheer ability, we thought this particular act ranked well up with Ruth Draper—which is as high praise as we can give.

To spend the next evening viewing Guy Robertson and Queenie Smith in *The Street Singer*—which the audience enjoyed hugely—proved to us how many kinds of people it takes to make a world or a theatrical hit. For *The Street Singer* is very close to the *Abie's Irish Rose* musical comedy stage, and ought to be perfect as a movie. With music that is totally undistinguished, a plot that is banal from beginning to end, and both the leading characters as badly mis-cast as we can imagine them, *The Street Singer* yet seemed to extract extreme approval from its audience. Shop girls beside us clapped their hands with joy when Queenie Smith, who was being trained to be a lady by Guy Robertson, found out that he didn't mean to marry her—and informed him that she would show him "the God-damnedest lady he ever saw." It all seemed pretty hopeless to us, because Queenie Smith's ability is not as a drawing room Queen, but more as a gamin wit. In fact, we should have been in a bad way had it not been for Andrew Tombes and his excellent impersonation of her impecunious, dishonest, crooked father. If you like Queenie Smith, we would say go see *The Street Singer* and find out how much you wish she was in something else.

Remains *The Crooks' Convention,* which Mr. Arthur Somers Roche entitles a satire, presumably on reformers, crooks, gangsters, and prohibitionists and evangelists, all done in stereotype characters. Well, as satire it is so heavy footed that it practically sticks to the floor. As a sample of its wit, we might say that among the Unions represented in the *Crooks' Convention* was the Madams' Union, represented by "Big Jenny," delegate from New Orleans. Lee Wilson Dodd's *Strong Man's House* at least had its moments. A keen novelist wrote it, although the result might be better if it were a book and not a play. But we can't say even that for *The Crooks' Convention.*

Marriage by Mail

(Continued from Page 185)

course I have my friends here in the city and with my church and club affiliations one would think a person quite busy enough to never think of that loneliness one feels when you have no one whom you might call 'your own' near . . . I'm more than glad to hear you say you're spiritual—so few men are to any appreciable degree . . . Life means much to me, and I covet above everything a comfortable companion—one in whose life I can blend and they in mine."

The following came with dried flowers enclosed:

"Dear Friend I will ancher your letter an was glad to here fran you an your picture is all right I will send you my picture dust soon as I get some films I have codak dust need films.

Are you in the armby you look it in the picture

I am dust a poor country girl a arfen girl working for my bord an a few cloves that is all I get for my work

Well I will close will write more next time Write me a long letter its so lonly on this rantch

Your frind

Jenny . . . . "

The longings of these lonely ones are often awkwardly expressed, their letters are full of literary *gaucheries.* But although I took up matrimonial correspondence as a lark I must confess that in reading the morning mail which swamped me till I withdrew my name from the list I more often found a catch in my throat than a chuckle.

"Lawyer's Progress"

By Charles W. Atwater

in a forthcoming issue

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Flight"

FOR AS MUCH of the time as it avoids the love twaddle, *Flight* is a good show from all angles. Fortunately for its probable success, this picture sticks to comedy and adventure for about nine-tenths of its total footage and thus compensates in large measure for the footling banality of its sentimental side.

Jack Holt and Ralph Graves appear in *Flight* as an aviating sergeant of Marines and his untoward pupil, respectively, while Lila Lee is the comely nurse who causes a rift between them.

On consulting its private files, this department finds that this is Rift Number 40068 under the heading "Rifts-General" and Number 16, out of a possible sixteen, under "Rifts-Aviation." Buddies, it seems, can't be buddies unless one of them loves, with a clumsy and unrequited affection, the girl who secretly fancies the other one. The other one is invariably loath to disclose the true state of things to his pal, because the pal (dear old chap!) would probably die of the heartache.

It always happens, however, that the tongue-tied and clumsy one detects the ray of the land, and denounces his friend as faithless. He often goes so far as to mouth an expletive descriptive of the questionable ancestry of the perfidious Pythias which is always intelligible to the most inexpert lipreader.

This sort of thing could always be avoided by a few words of explanation, but it never is, until bitter complications and wholly unnecessary heartburnings have been gone through with. In *Flight* the scenarist (who is none other than Ralph Graves, himself) proceeds a step further (if you could call it that) and makes one buddy do a John Alden for the other one with the familiar John Alden result.

It was all dreadfully poignant and serious and caused the audience to laugh delightedly. But this might have been because they had laughed all through the show, in genuine appreciation of its really sturdy humor, and chose, therefore, not to be cast down by this lapse.

Flight takes one from the Navy flying field at Pensacola to the wilds of Nicaragua, where the bandit Lobo is terrorizing the government and cutting visiting Marines up into little pieces, which he photographs, sending the results to the Corps Commander. It is to aid Nicaragua of this undoubted pest that "The Flying Devils," aviation unit of the Marines, is sent from Pensacola. In bringing him to time the fliers go through some lively and red-blooded adventures—mostly very reminiscent of other pictures.

Flight, however, has so much fun in it, so much he-man stuff and such good acting and direction that it succeeds in being actually a better picture than most of those it seeks to imitate. It is singularly free from vulgarity, and your boys may be sent to see it and will probably love it. Holt, Graves and Lila Lee are all good in their talking rôles, and Harold Goodwin, as the nervy sergeant who dies beside his fallen plane, accomplishes a difficult piece of acting in a really notable way.

"Revenge"

The gigantic Paramount Theatre houses a gigantic bore as these lines are written. It is a rather short all-talking picture and is one of those monstrously solemn and verbose French episodes, in which the French seem to find occasional relief from the force at which they excel. So short is *Revenge* that one wonders how such an appalling amount of ennui could be thus compressed.

Jeanne Eagels brings her indisputable ability to the leading rôle but it is all wasted, and they haven't even photographed her any too well. The piece reminded us of the dramatic sketches that leading Broadway stars use when circumstances (and creditors) force them into vaudeville for a few weeks. You probably have seen one or two of them, by mistake.

Recommended

Bulldog Drummond: Ronald Colman turns out to be the talking screen's biggest find. The dialog is by Sidney Howard and the whole thing is perfectly swell.

On With the Show: A big girl-and-music talkie, all in natural colors and with a surprisingly liberal amount of plot, comedy and real eye-appeal. Well worth your while.

Drag: Richard Barthelmess and Lila Lee in an all-talkie that will keep you interested and amused from beginning to end. An unusual picture.

The Valiant: It will make you cry, and it's probably just hokum, but you should see Paul Muni's splendid performance in a very ticklish rôle.

Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 190)

Peregrine Acland's All Else Is Folly Coward McCann

Describing the late war through the eyes of a young Canadian officer, graphically, unsentimentally, in terms that show up war for the insane folly it is. It is not propaganda; it is a story; you may draw your own conclusions. You will read it for its interest as a novel, for it is well written. But however warlike you may be, we think you will be something of a pacifist for a few days at least after reading it.

F. V. Morley's East South East Harcourt Brace

An extremely good yarn in the *Treasure Island* tradition, which concerns itself with the adventures of Hamilton Farr, who ran away to sea, became a harpooner on a whaler, fell in with some ex-pirates, and hunted for treasure on an island near New Zealand. Complete with cutlasses, spade guineas, sharks, tinder boxes and a map opposite the front page.

Nordhoff and Hall's Falcons of France Little Brown

Two former pilots in the Lafayette Flying Corps have written a story, only very slightly fictionized, of a man who joined that famous organization, fought in it for a year, was shot down, captured, and escaped from a German prison camp into Switzerland. Both the authors are writing of a life they know; both write well, as their former books attest. If you want to know what it was like in the air on the western front, you can get a better idea of it from this book than from any other account we know. And you will at the same time be reading an exciting adventure story.

Carlos Reyles' Castanets Longmans

When the aristocratic Paco became a Bullfighter his no less aristocratic family naturally had fits. So did his fiancee's family. But he went over big with the public, and with Puriya, the dancer. But Puriya, perhaps because of her gipsy blood, got her emotions all mixed up and stabbed him to save another man whom she really hated. And so on. A story of Seville; and if you like corridas, seguidillas, gitanas, tangos and manzanilla, you will find them here.

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

RECENT SPEECHES of Mussolini and Pope Pius XI hardly lead to the conclusion that all is well with the love pact solemnized by the signing of the Lateran treaties. In the leading article of the next issue, "Mussolini vs the Pope: the End of the Honeymoon," Gaetano Salvemini, formerly Professor of History at the University of Florence, now living in voluntary exile in Paris discusses the difficulties which have arisen from Article 43 of the Concordat. "The disputes," Professor Salvemini declares, "between Catholics and Fascists will go on, and will grow more and more sharp, until some fine day the Fascists get tired of obeying the Pope or the Italians get tired of obeying both the Pope and Mussolini."

DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK'S liberal views have often involved him in controversy. Our readers will remember his editorial, "Religion and Birth Control," recently published in The Outlook and Independent. In "Respectable Heretic a Portrait of Dr. Fosdick" Helena Huntington Smith, a frequent contributor to the magazines, discusses his relation to the church and asks why he has not been more severely disciplined.

WITH AN AVERAGE of a little better than one a day it would seem that Detroit deserves the title "The City of Conventions." In "Annual Jamboree" F. L. Smith, Jr., a Detroit newspaper man and a frequent contributor to The Outlook and Independent, describes the behavior of the brothers when they congregate for the yearly celebration. Believe it or not, it is a matter of record that the convening disabled veterans made more "whoopee" than any one else.

THE TREMENDOUS advances in the technique of treating the wounded and in the use of antiseptics resulting from the work of Pasteur and Lister could not be better demonstrated than in an evacuation hospital. In the fourth installment of "Stretchers" Mr. Pottle deseribes this treatment in detail.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

A NEW VENTURE about to be launched is the "Gift of the Month." An association has been formed which will select some one article for its beauty of design and its originality, and a limited number of each month's selection will be placed on sale in various stores. The gifts will be such things as lamps, clocks, teatables and so on. In this way the association believes that individual and beautifully designed pieces can be made reasonable in price without being cheapened by production in large quantities. The idea seems to us a pretty good one, although we don't quite see the necessity of tying it up with the "month" idea, which is being worked to death nowadays. The Necktie of the Month gave us quite a lot of pain, which we recorded for you in these cols. Pretty soon the matrimonial agencies will start a Wife of the Month Club, and then where'll we be?

IF THE SPOUT of your teapot has formed the habit of dripping on your spotless napery, you can, we are glad to inform you, do something about it. There are little bibs which you can fasten around the end of the spout. Below is absorbent material which soaks up the drippings, and above is a little pottery figure—insect or animal—which appears to perch on the spout with no ulterior motive beyond that of pure decoration.

KEYPACT is a very neat metal key holder for pocket or purse. You insert the keys one on top of the other and screw them up so they are friction tight. No jingling in the pocket, and they take up very little space.

EVEN THE LOWLY fly swatter is feeling the influence of modernism. Floral designs in colored felt now decorate the lethal surface of this instrument of death, and the handles are of blue, green or red, with bindings and decorations to match. The next thing we know, electric chairs will be coming in such delicate shades as jade, peach and hazelnut.

A PENCIL which writes three colors and which we consider very good is the Nardi. To change the color you press a button and give the barrel a third of a turn. Black, red, blue, green, yellow and indelible leads are available. The barrels are of pyralin, in various colors.

ADVERTISING has changed the English language in more ways than one. The most recent example we have noted is the case of the *chaise longue*. By a natural transposition of two letters it became first the chaise lounge, and only the other day we saw it called the Chase lounge. Presently, to explain this, a myth will grow up about how it was first invented by a man named Chase, and its original derivation will be entirely lost.

IF YOUR HOBBY is patchwork quilts, there's a new book out on the subject: *Patchwork Quilts and the Women Who Made Them*, by Ruth E. Finley. The author's purpose, she says in her foreword, has been "first, to make a record, with the hope that it might prove definitive, of one of the most picturesque of all American folk arts; secondly, to interpret that art in relation to the life of the times during which it most widely flourished." The book, therefore, although it contains directions for making quilts, and describes all the known designs, is something more than a catalogue. It is interestingly written, and goes back of the various designs, patterns, methods and materials and shows why they were what they were. We recommend it to you if you are at all interested in the subject. It is published by Lippincott.

A TRICK PACKAGE of a moth-murdering chemical is called Tommy. It has a picture of a cat on the outside, and a small replica of a cat's tail curls out through a hole in the box. You hang up the contraption in the clothes closet, and when, in 8 or 10 weeks, the chemical is exhausted, the tail droops and a sign appears asking for another moth cake. These latter may be had in several odors, since they're not like the old fashioned moth balls. You can get cedar, lavender, trefle and jasmine. Moths are said to succumb without a struggle to this poison.

THERE IS a new electric fan which lies on its back, so to speak, in a circular cage, and throws the air up against a flattened cone-shaped top so that it drives out in all directions into the room, giving an indirect circulation of air without creating a real draught. If you are so sensitive to draughts that the ordinary fan gives you quite literally a pain in the neck, one of these fans will keep you cool painlessly.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Ocean

SHE HAD NEVER had enough of the sea. She could not explain it to any one. Everybody was too old or too young or too indifferent. Besides, it was nothing for words.

Imagine trying to say it! "What is it you want?" one of them might ask with that smiling look of politeness used on children. And she could just hear herself answering, "I want the ocean, please. All of it. Nobody else allowed to touch it but me." Why, certainly! Why, certainly. They would probably give her a bucket and tell her to fill it as full as she liked.

They made her sick, though she never mentioned it. She took it out in scowling at them from behind her hair and pretending not to understand when they asked her if she didn't *love* the seashore. She watched them lying on the sand and trying to match the new shades in stockings, or squealing at the water's edge, or shrieking in the breakers—always in crowds.

The worst of it was, the crowds at the ocean grew bigger. "More people every year!" she heard them saying excitedly among themselves. By the time she grew up—by next summer even—there might be no chance for her at all. She wished she had been born in the time of Columbus. Though even Columbus, she remembered sadly, had taken some people along with him.

If she were a boy she could make herself a raft. She could do it anyway, only by the time it was built there'd be no chance of getting off on it alone. Every one would know all about it and then she wouldn't be allowed. "How exciting! A raft! What are you going to do with it?"

No, her only chance was to watch for those moments when the ocean was let alone. There was a line, off in the distance so hazy that it might be sky—it might be water. If she could ever think of a way to reach that line, and just beyond it, she would be out of sight. Alone with the ocean. All hers.

It was the life preservers that first gave her the idea. If they were bigger, she thought slowly, they would be as good as boats. The kind of boat that let you right down into the ocean with nothing but a railing to rest on. Where had she seen one big enough?

When she remembered it—and when she found it—she told no one. But she made sure it was a good one, well blown up and no leaks in it. As good an inner tire as ever served for a boat. It was big enough not to cramp her.

The summer was almost over, so she took advantage of the first warm day. At a moment when the ocean might be deserted she rolled her boat out over the sand like a hoop—plunged into the breakers—came up gasping on the other side—and pulled out to sea.

It was as she thought. She could dive under the surface—shake the hair out of her eyes—and there would be her boat floating just ahead of her. They pushed out together into the coolness and wideness. The land shrank away from them. The ocean was like a beating heart. The sound of it was the only sound she could hear.

She lay on her back across her boat and stared up at the sun. She turned and let the water wash over her. She tried to see what it looked like—far down; how many miles under her did the tides run? The land didn't matter now, nor the crowds. There was nothing anywhere but herself and the ocean. The sun and the sky. The bobbing inner tube.

Hours had gone by. It looked now—it really looked at last—as though she were in the middle of the ocean. She was hungry. She had never thought she would be hungry. Now that she was out here, how would she get back? The tide was against her, the land had disappeared. What if she were lost—alone with the ocean—lost? She laughed out loud. This was what she had always wanted—would she get enough of it?

But even as she wondered she heard a new sound. She sat up on her boat and looked around. She might have known it was impossible—you couldn't lose them. She might as well give up. Besides, she was hungry.

"Ship ahoy!" She shouted through her cupped hands. "Hi, there! Ship ahoy!"

The little yacht was the only visible speck upon the vast expanse of sea, nearly three miles off shore. But it shivered for a moment, turned in its course, hesitated and came alongside. The face of a boy, almost grown-up, stared down at her unbelieving.

Well, why need he look at her like that—as though she were a bad child? He didn't own the ocean.

"Give us a hand," she called crossly. "Give us a hand! I'm getting sunburned."

The Paradox in Palestine

(Continued from Page 167)

grants everywhere to "show the world." They live in a glass house on exhibition. They have every reason, rooted in a nightmare past, to suspect enmity from the non-Jews. In America the Jews can now permit themselves the luxury of slowing down to a normal tempo. Their children are goaded by no inferiority complex to "lead." Fear of their non-Jewish neighbor is foreign to them. Good will is a matter of course.

What the Jews are really seeking in Palestine any literate Arab can learn by reading the formal statement of the Zionist case submitted in July, 1922, to the Council of the League of Nations:

"The Jews demand no privilege, unless it be the privilege of rebuilding by their own efforts and sacrifices a land which, once the seat of a thriving and productive civilization, has long been suffered to remain derelict. . . . They seek no share in the Government beyond that to which they may be entitled under the Constitution as citizens of the country. They solicit no favors. They ask, in short, no more than an assured opportunity of peacefully building up their national home by their own exertions."

American Jewry, the most influential Jewish community, must use its advantage to bring a better understanding between the Arabs and the Jews and the British and the Zionists. The liaison work that was necessary ten years ago and would have prevented bloodshed is imperative now. The British Labor Government which is applying common sense in its foreign affairs may be expected to face realities in Palestine. Responsible Jewish leaders are showing remarkable sanity in counseling peace while the spectres of Jewish martyrs still haunt them. There are many signs in the reports from the Holy Land that there is a nucleus of good will among the Arabs and that their Grand Mufti, who seems to have been responsible for the recent outrages, may soon lose his power. The air is being cleared for a new chapter to be lived in the historic land.

A working peace in Palestine between the Arabs and the Jews is its pressing need today. The greatest paradox of all is that permanent peace is likely to come last of all to this cradle of peace. While the lions and the lambs among the nations of the West are making strides toward amity, only the ablest statesmanship can effect it in the tiny land where East meets West.

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The Backwash of Battle

(Continued from Page 173)

friendships in those few moments before the man goes onto the table. Late this evening, when we have gone off duty after twelve hours of such work, we shall stumble around to the wards to see how some of these boys are now, to wash their hands and faces, to sit quietly and talk with them. But we cannot sit long, for there is so much to be done in a ward, and wounded men naturally do not understand that you are not the regular ward orderly.

There are many, many other departments in this great organization. There is the division of trucking, all day on the road between Paris and Juilly bringing in surgical supplies, food, quartermaster's stores. An orderly is always bumping back and forth in a motorcycle with dispatches. In the great square flagged court (the "Cours d'Honneur") a tent has been erected to serve as receiving ward and personnel offices. The ambulances drive in unceasingly through the archway and unload their wounded before the tent. There are four litters in each ambulance, two above and two below, suspended from hooks. The ambulances are muddy, and frequently splashed with holes from the fragments of shells that have burst just beside them. The drivers are weary, but they hurry to unload their freight and hurry off again—a long, brown, almost unbroken line of ambulances filling the road from Château-Thierry to Juilly. The attendants in the receiving ward inspect the tag which comes tied to each wounded man, make other necessary records, check his few pathetic valuables and put them in a cotton-wool bag, and then send him to the operating room. Later, when things are better organized, the greater part of the work of preparing the patient for the table will be done here.

Every night we evacuate. Another long, brown, unbroken line of ambulances pulls out of the hospital, not empty, but filled with our wounded men who have undergone operation, bound for Paris. After operation, the wounded are sorted out according to the severity of their injuries, and the ward to which they are assigned indicates whether they may be immediately evacuated or not. For a large evacuation every man in the hospital not actually on night duty is expected to turn out and lend a hand, often extending the twelve hours of work he has already done by five or six more of carrying and lifting litters. Some wards are practically depleted at each evacuation. The ambulances pull up before the wards, the nurse indicates which men are to go, the orderlies and litter men transfer them gently to litters, lift and stow them away in the ambulances, call out a word of farewell, and they are off from Evacuation Eight forever.

One large detail has been at work all day on the grimmest task of all, that of digging graves and burying the dead. I shall describe the cemetery later, as it appeared after we had been at Juilly nearly two weeks. But today the grave detail finds the cemetery already well established. They dig the graves laboriously out of the stiff soil of a glorious field of wheat full of scarlet poppies, under a blazing sun; regulation graves, three feet wide, six feet and a half long, and six feet deep, and hastily lay in them the thirty bodies of the dead. Later we had a burial party every afternoon about five. There would be five or six bodies, for which we then provided the luxury of unpainted wooden boxes. We piled them into a high two-wheeled French cart, drawn by a great patient work horse, and spread out an American flag over the ends of the boxes. The little procession started from the Cours d'Honneur, at the head of the little crucifer from the parish church, then our Y.M.C.A. chaplain in plain khaki uniform, walking side by side with the village curé in his biretta, cassock, surplice, and stole. Behind trudged a French urchin, bearing the pail of holy water, a cotta over his breeches, but with an American trench cap on his head. Then came the lumbering cart driven by its stolid French owner, and, walking beside it, the men of the burial detail. At the cemetery we unloaded the coffins and lowered them down into the graves, jumping impatiently on the tops of the boxes if they happened to stick in the narrow space, and then stood uncovered, leaning on our spades, as the curé in his clear sonorous voice read the grand Latin of the Roman burial service over Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, and our chaplain followed with the familiar English words. One sprinkled with holy water, the other cast in a handful of earth. The bugler, facing the west and the level lightning of the sunken sun, blew the long tender notes of taps, while far overhead an unseen lark poured forth its shrill delight.

Not all our men were in Juilly during those first days. Immediately on our arrival several groups were detached for service with other units. I have no complete list of these details. A large group of nurses had been sent to La Ferté before our arrival, and remained there until the middle of July Some of our men went to the Red Cros hospital at Neuilly, twin to Juilly, an a larger detachment was sent t Luzancy. A noncommissioned office who went in charge of this last detail has preserved a record which I shal quote practically entire.

"June 10. Orders came at five fo 25 men to go to Field Hosp. 16, leavin next day for the front. I went i charge, along with Hines and the 2 men. Took trucks at about 7.30 an arrived in Meaux about 8.30, reportin to F.H. 16. The city of Meaux was th objective of the Bosche, and betwee anti-aircraft guns, air-plane bombs, an German shells landing around, it wa a very peaceful night.

"June 12. Moved up front abou 15 kil. to town of Luzancy. Evac. men had no gas masks but had to risk i just the same. Luzancy is right on th Marne, about 5 or 6 kil. behind Bellea Woods. Quiet all day.

"June 13. During day all wa quiet, and I slept, being on night duty At night few patients, but an awful bar rage. The hospital was set between th heavy artillery and the front lines, s that the shells went overhead all night No sleeping.

"June 14. Day about as usual, wit a few gas cases coming in. At night a air raid, and the anti-aircraft guns o the Marne sure did raise some noise Terrific barrage all night. German hammering Americans hard.

"June 15. Hard fighting all day and Belleau Woods captured by Amer cans at night. Germans put over a bo barrage entirely around the wood, hem ming our boys in. Then they shot ga over, and it sure was a success for them The night was muggy and rainy, whic helped the gas to do its awful work.

"June 16. Early this forenoo soldiers came in in great numbers, an by noon the courtyard was full o blinded men, crying, moaning, and beg ging for help. The worst sight I eve saw. All day they kept coming in, an all night we tried to evacuate. I wa on duty all night the 15th, all day th 16th, and am evacuating all night a well. Carried litters, gave dope, baths and everything all day.

"June 17. 500 cases evacuated dur ing the night, and every one almost al in. A few were evacuated on th trucks this A.M. Hellish barrage al day and night, but Americans holdin everywhere, and gaining in some places Almost all Marines coming in, 5th an 6th Regiments. Had my first slee this A.M., but was called to evacuate a noon. Seven hours sleep since th 15th. Had all night to sleep on th

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17th, and morning of the 18th was sent back with rest of boys to Evac. 8.

"June 18. Arrived back at noon, only to find hospital full of gassed men from F.H. 16, and all getting worse daily. Some horrible sights."

Indeed, those dreadful mustard-gas cases were probably the most painful we had to witness in all our service. As a matter of fact, the majority were in much less serious plight than the wounded men. Mustard gas (it has nothing to do with mustard) is a heavy liquid, which, though fairly volatile, will remain for some time clinging to grass and undergrowth, and will burn any flesh with which it comes in contact. It is especially adapted for use by a retreating army. By soaking down with mustard gas the area through which the pursuing American troops had to advance, the Germans made sure that a large number of the advancing force would be incapacitated. The soldier's clothing soon becomes impregnated with the stuff as he brushes through the undergrowth, and the burns develop through the help of moisture. Those parts of the body subject to excessive perspiration are especially affected. The burns are extremely painful, but in general not fatal unless the gas has been inhaled, or (as with other surface burns) a third or more of the total skin area has been affected. A bad feature of mustard gas, however, is that it almost invariably produces temporary, but complete, blindness. Nothing demoralizes a man so much as the fear of losing his sight, and telling him that he will see again in a day or two generally fails to reassure him. The gas cases began to arrive at Juilly as early as June 12. Since most of them were immediately evacuable, we made temporary wards for them in the great cloisters which ran around two sides of the court in front of Wards F and G—the children's dormitories. By the sixteenth there were nearly seven hundred gassed men there, just out of the glare of the sunny court, lying fully dressed on blanket-covered cots, some of them badly gassed in the lungs and fighting horribly for breath, which could be a little prolonged by giving them oxygen; nearly all blinded, many delirious, all crying, moaning, tossing about. For most of the patients there was nothing to do but renew frequently the wet dressings which relieved somewhat the smart of the burns, and to try to restore their lost morale. For those who had been gassed worst, nothing effectual could be done. They were spared much by being in general delirious, but it required the constant attention of several orderlies to keep some of them in bed. Later on, the hospital service was so organized that the gas cases were handled by special gas hospitals. After we left Juilly we almost never received gas victims unless they were also wounded.

After the first day, a regular routine got itself established. Quarters had been found for us in a large dwelling house which stood behind a high wall a few hundred yards down the street from the gate of the Collège. It had once evidently been a fine residence, with a porter's lodge attached. All the furniture had been removed and the floor space filled with improvised cots, rough cribs of wood with chicken wire tacked across for a spring, and filled with straw to serve as a mattress. French soldiers had been quartered here before, and had left us a legacy of cooties with which we continued to be intimately acquainted until after the armistice. The house could not accommodate all our number, and a large English ward tent was pitched on the lawn to care for the overflow. Our latrine was an open pit in the shrubbery back of our quarters, dreadfully hard to find on a dark night, when no lights were allowed for fear of air raids. Our officers were quartered in two other houses, one just beside the hospital, the other half a mile or so distant. Our cooks set up their kitchens under a tent fly on the lawn, and served all our meals there. During the fine weather, which lasted upward of a month after we settled in Juilly, it was decidedly pleasant, after six hours in operating room or ward, to sit cross-legged on the lawn and eat one's meals picnic fashion, in spite of the hordes of yellow wasps which descended upon us like the plagues of Egypt. Even if it did rain, we could always take our food into the house and sit on our bunks as we ate it. The food for the patients was prepared at the hospital itself, in the sisters' great kitchen. What lovable women those Sœurs de St. Louis were! So gentle, so kind hearted, and devoted! I think in all the time we were at Juilly none of us ever saw one of them anything but smiling and gentle. American soldiers had no more business to be hanging around their busy kitchen than small boys have to be dawdling in the pantry. But we were treated there exactly as very complacent mothers would have treated especially engaging children, and we never departed without a smile and something to eat. We were divided into two shifts, changing at 8.00 A.M. and 8.00 P.M. As long as the patients continued to arrive in considerable numbers there were practically no military formations. The bugle roused us in the morning; we got up, washed, stood in line for breakfast, ate it sitting cross-legged on the ground, and at eight reported for duty quite as in a civilian hospital. The ward orderlies, I believe, ate with the patients in the wards.

By June 16, our supply of wounded ran short, for Evacuation Seven and Mobile Hospital No. 1 were now established at Coulommiers, a spot much more convenient to the zone of fighting than Juilly. The lull in admissions made little difference in the wards, but it gave those of us who worked in the operating room our first opportunity to look about and see what kind of place we were in. On June 19 one of the enlisted men wrote home his first long letter since reaching Juilly. Part of it will serve to summarize and unify what I have just been recounting.

"I wish you might have seen what I saw last night, as I saw it. For the last few days we have received no wounded. We had scrubbed the operating room, polished the instruments, and, as there was still no work for us to do, we took a few hours off. I started to walk out to a little town near by [Thieux]. A little way from the Collège I came to the village cemetery. French cemeteries are interesting because they are so completely different from ours. The graves usually have a wooden cross at the head instead of a stone, with a wooden railing all the way around. The people hang these with artificial flowers made of beadwork. Here was one row of graves whose crosses read 'Sœurs de St. Louis.' Then several rather pretentious tombs, 'Famille So-and-So,' with their doors of iron grill work, and inside an altar (like a little chapel), memorial tablets, and the inevitable beadwork flowers. Then, row behind row of green wooden crosses, all alike, all surmounted by faded and tattered tricolors—the honored 'Morts pour la Patrie.' Here and there stood the turban-topped head and foot boards of a Mohammedan colonial, his grave turned at a different angle from the others, so that he might look toward far-away Mecca. Rank behind rank, about seventy I think, they filled the whole space to the wall. Some had beadwork flowers, some (the poor 'inconnus') only bunches of simple garden posies, and on some, still new and raw, the scarlet poppies had rambled. Down the center ran a narrow open avenue, at the end of which, against the wall, with the ranks of soldiers' graves on either side, stood a large iron crucifix. The work was so realistic that the tortured figure seemed to writhe, struggling to repress a groan of mortal agony. And it came to me all

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MUSSOLINI vs. THE POPE

In next week's issue tells about

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By Gaetano Salvemini

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at once that it was something more than a conventional piece of religious mummery. The crucifix, and the rows of crosses, and the faded tricolors were all symbols of the same eternal cruelty of man. The figure *did* writhe, and would, so long as men continue to make war.

"I went out the gate of the cemetery, and turned the corner. The wheat had once grown up to the foot of the wall, but now a few swathes had been cut, and there, in a double row in its shadow, were scores of narrow mounded graves. No flowers here, no crosses yet; nothing but a little piece of shingle at the head of each. Six graves stood empty. An old Frenchman was digging away in the sixth, throwing the dirt out into the edge of the wheat. 'Whose graves are these?' I asked, for, though it sounds stupid, I had not yet realized. 'De vos Américans,' he replied. 'Combien?' 'Quatre-vingt-cinq.' Eighty-five! I walked down the row, stooping to read the names pencilled on the shingles. Many were familiar to me. I had seen these boys lying on stretchers before operation, had undressed them, talked with them, given them cigarettes, stood by them as they lay on the table, carried them to the wards—dead now, and buried in France, thousands of miles from home. Here was a lad from West Virginia; I remembered him for his clear gray eyes and handsome features. His name, he said, was Craze, but 'the fellows mostly called him Crazy.' Dead and buried.

"Another old Frenchman and two women came around the corner to see the graves of the Americans. One of the women cried a little. 'Ils étaient si beaux!' She had lost her own son in the War. 'C'est bien triste,' I answered, and I could say no more—Oh, if the people at home could see what I see here! I think we of the Medical Department have the saddest and yet the proudest service of the whole Army."

I suppose the author of the letter shows somewhat too much eagerness to vindicate his own branch of the service. The fact is that we were a little on the defensive. In the peace-time army the Medical Corps is looked upon with considerable condescension, not to say contempt, by the combatant troops. I do not remember ever meeting that attitude from any of our wounded men. They were extraordinarily grateful for everything we did for them, even though it was only our daily duty, and used voluntarily and with wonder to speak of the devotion of the hospital force. But we ourselves, in those heroic days, felt as a reproach our clean clothes, our dry beds, our sufficient food. "Somehow you feel," says another section of the letter I have just quoted, "as though it wasn't right for you to be in a countryside of peace and beauty, while up there men live in the roar of those guns that only mutter here. Seeing men smashed and broken every day doesn't lessen our desire to be in it; it makes us wish all the more to be there. As I look at those wounded boys, and witness their sufferings, I feel that in decency I ought somehow to lose a hand or a leg."

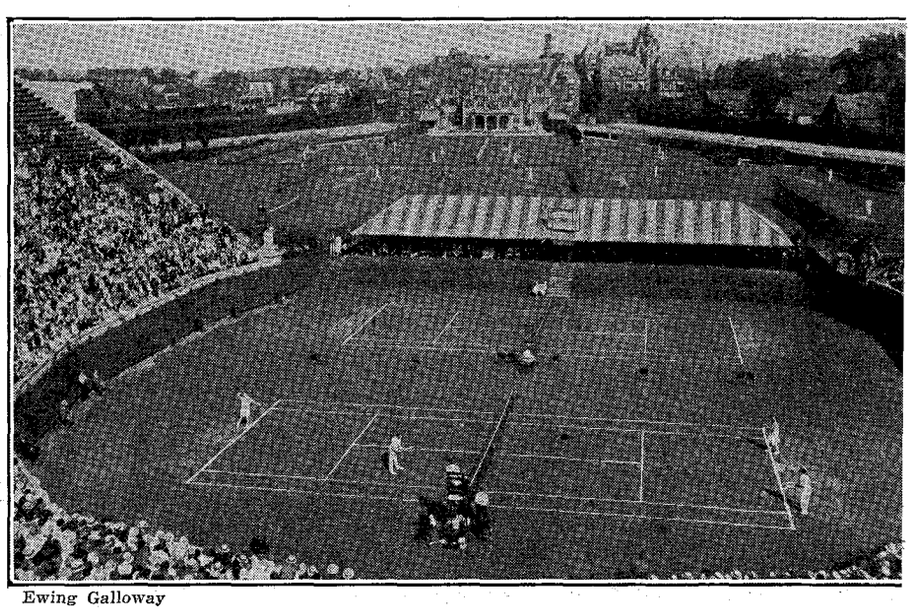
(To Be Continued)

Miss Wills and Mr. Tilden

(Continued from Page 169)

gone, in her place is the champion o champions, austere and inexorable Whenever a player like Mrs. Mallor loses, she manages somehow to commu nicate the feeling—oh, well, it's only game, so why worry. But when Mis Wills is pressed by Miss Nuthall sh gives the impression that this is sacri lege, that things like that are simpl not done. Mind you, I do not for moment pretend that she believes thi I merely say that is the idea the crow gets and so the crowd in relief turn to Mr. Tilden.

I have been told by those mor versed than myself in the marts c trade, those who have met her in business way, that Miss Wills is a mos remarkable business woman. I ca readily believe it. And I think th crowd appreciates that; saw it perhap before those dullards like myself wh are paid to watch tendencies in spor You could never, for instance, imagin Miss Wills trying a difficult shot for th joy it would give her in the tight mo ment of an important match, could you Because it probably wouldn't give he any particular joy. And besides, if sh lost the point she might lose the gam and if she lost the game it might ver well cost her the set, one never know . . . . . For Miss Wills is the busines woman of the courts and Mr. Tilde is the artist of the courts and there yo have the answer in a sentence.



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With Our Readers

Cure for Insomnia

Buffalo, New York

To the Editor of
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DEAR SIR:

Several weeks since I happened to read a copy of your magazine and since have purchased copies weekly.

I trust that the policy of the new departure will prove successful as the resulting reading matter has real literary merit and disclosed thought and intellectual independence. One might not accept all of the facts or the conclusions, but at the same time feel free "to hear the other side" and temperate consideration "of any subject" of human interest or concern.

In the past many of us regarded The Outlook in its dullness as valuable only as a sleep producer and its patrons as belonging largely to the class that were not dealing with the finite and actualities and to that group, numerous and complacent, which is satisfied with the assured rectitude of its purposes and practices.

Judging from the reactions appearing in your correspondence, the new departure has touched some of these readers in sensitive spots.

Wishing you success and trusting that it will not be a case of new wine in old bottles, I am

Very truly yours,
L. P. HANCOCK

Praise

Tacoma, Washington

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I am delighted with your magazine, and hope you will not be intimidated by a few grumblers and timid reactionaries, some of whom can't even write English and don't know how to spell. Your whole tone and temper is most refreshing in the face of the smug complacency and hypocrisy on all sides of us. Surely there must be enough independent thinkers to give support to honest and courageous writing. There are already many magazines for the Conservatives and worshippers of the past, so do not make The Outlook and Independent any less bold or free speaking. Is there to be no liberty or freedom of thought allowed in the country any more? What with censors, and Custom Inspectors right and left, and busy bodies and prohibitionists everywhere laying down the law? It is a joke when Mrs. Willebrandt writes that 20 million out of over 100 million of our people believe in Prohibition, therefore it must be enforced to the uttermost. Henry Ford says 99%? It is also ridiculous when Senator Jones, of our own fair State, can say "There is no freedom in a democracy" and get away with it almost without protest. Unfortunately he almost states a fact, but when freedom of speech and independence of thought is to be denied, and magazines like your own are to be coerced and suppressed by the threat of lack of advertising, it is too bad. Your feature writers are excellent and your Trend of Events very interesting. Too bad about the death of H. O'Higgins. So keep up the good work and continue your frank presentation and discussion of the news of the day unafraid.

Yours truly,
DR. C. H. DOE

Stretchers

Springfield, Massachusetts

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

You have given me another good reason for reading The Outlook—the graphic, unvarnished tale of the hospital unit's experiences during the War. It's another argument for peace.

G. G. HERSEY

More Praise

Cleveland, Ohio

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I write to express my appreciation of the value of The Outlook as it has been conducted of late. I am not a subscriber as I have easy access to several libraries where I regularly keep in touch with half a hundred magazines. Many times I take a magazine up and do hardly more than glance at the table of contents and toss it aside. Then I come upon another magazine, and one article in it may seem to me so valuable that I will spend a considerable time on it. I used to think of The Outlook as one of the lighter magazines over which I seldom lingered. But of late I have waked up to the fact that I was spending quite a large amount of time upon The Outlook each week. Your recent Gastonia article held me for quite a while. The Carry Nation articles seemed very valuable to me, as did Miss Wylie's and a number of others. I find myself turning to The Outlook now with quite different expectations from those of earlier times.

Sincerely yours,
CHARLES E. OZANNE

Gastonia Again

Washington

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Your current Outlook of September 11 carries a very interesting picture on Page 48 headed, "The police use force on a striker," in connection with the article, "The Lesson Of Gastonia."

It is significant that the man on the right wearing a black hat is Chief of Police Aderholt, for whose murder the present trial at Charlotte is being held. I was standing only a few feet away when this picture was taken in front of the now-famous Manville-Jenckes mill in Gastonia on the first day of the strike. This happens to be one of the very few pictures ever taken of the slain official, and the only one I can remember seeing in connection with the strike.

In view of the continued strife in the Carolinas, you might have occasion to run the same picture at a later date and

"The man on the right wearing a black hat is Chief of Police Aderholt," writes Mr. Reginald P. Mitchell, Washington newspaper man, who was only a few feet away when this picture was taken. It is for Chief Aderholt's death that the Gastonia trial is being held

that fact might prove of some interest. As a staff reporter at that time of The Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer*, I was the first out-of-town newspaper man on the scene at Gastonia in the strike and was credited with "breaking" the story, a fact I mention solely to substantiate the identification.

Very truly yours,
REGINALD P. MITCHELL
Editorial Dept.,
Washington Post.

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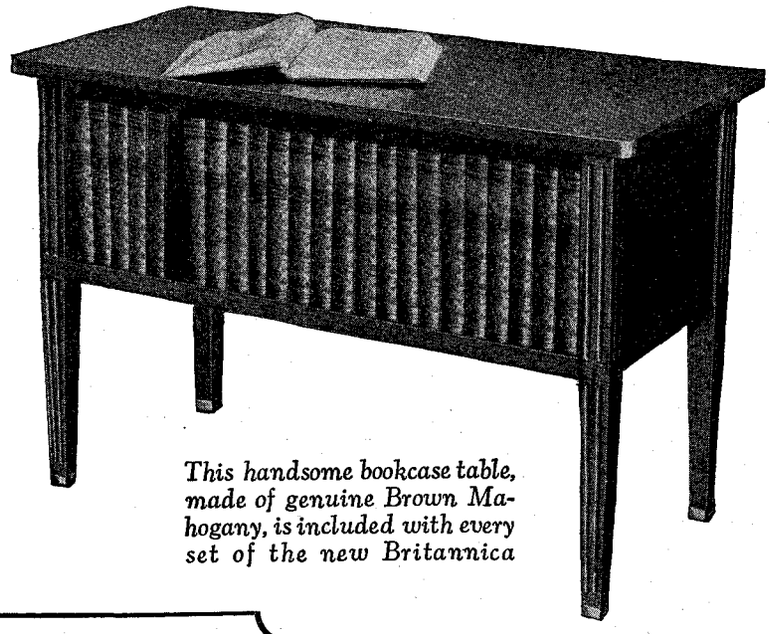

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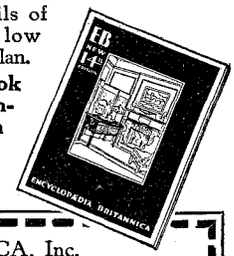

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To the Editor of
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DEAR SIR:

May I express my appreciation of the article, "In Praise of Hypocrisy," by Harvey O'Higgins and also the letter in defense of Bound Brook written by Mr. Charles F. Speare, one of our oldest and most respected citizens.

As a matter of fact, however, Bound Brook needs no defense. Nestling as it does at the foothills of the Watchung Mountains, half way between New York and the County Poor House and only seven miles from the Somerset County Jail, it is not only a beautiful place to dwell in but also quite convenient. On six and a half days of the week it is really a heaven on earth but on the other half day—Sunday afternoons—it is more like some other place. One seeking recreation can do only a very limited number of things, he can take a stroll about the sewage disposal plant, look through the iron fence around the D. A. R. Graveyard, sit at home and look cross or go bathing in the Raritan River. Even the latter recreation has its limitations for in summer the stream is polluted and in winter it is often too cold for prolonged immersion. Many people like to go down to the drug store and look at the Mayor—the largest and best in New Jersey—while others more athletically inclined try to see how many times they can cross the State Highway without getting knocked to Kingdom Come. But for those who like to see a good movie on Sunday there is nothing doing. When our local movie house tried to show *The Miracle* on Sunday the forces of Righteousness screamed for the police and Sunday movies are no more. Fortunately, however, there is little suffering among the pure of heart for they have their automobiles, and good shows, golf clubs, and other pleasures too numerous to mention, are but a few miles away and while the gentlemen who closed the Sunday movies are enjoying themselves in the way that suits them best it must be an added satisfaction to them that they are, at the same time, saving their neighbors from sin.

Yours truly,

ROBERT W. ROGERS

For Mr. Phillips

Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Prefacing my remarks with the admission that I almost entirely believe in the argument of T. W. Phillips, Jr., in your issue of September 18, as to the illogicalness and futility of prohibitory legislation, I am inclined to follow the discussion along another line.

We have stringent laws against gambling enterprises, especially those of the lottery form. The Lousiana Lottery of our younger days, which was supposed to be strictly honest, being supervised by two eminent Confederate Generals, was long ago suppressed and now exists only in the form of an enterprise conducted by certain unknown gentlemen who through secret agents sell tickets every month to confiding investors who imagine there really is a drawing somewhere, though the list of prize-winners is probably printed before the tickets are issued.

Baseball pools, bets on bank clearings, and so forth, are occasionally suppressed, but resume business the next day.

In one form or another gambling is more prevalent than drinking. What have they accomplished except to substitute crooked speculative schemes in the hands of corrupt men for those which presumably were and might be straight?

We all have the gambling instinct. If it were possible to invest a dollar or five dollars in a legitimate lottery, I fear I should be tempted to try it, even with the chances heavily against me. Why have I no opportunity to do this when the laws have utterly failed to suppress the instinct, and when the government could just as easily have us supplied with "the best, purest, least toxic" form of gambling obtainable? "Why chide the agent who supplies, as best he can, under serious handicaps, a country-wide demand" for gambling chances, which would be suppressed by Congressmen and other moral uplifters who none of them would refuse a sure tip on the stockmarket, and many of whom would perhaps buy lottery tickets, along with other things, as they usually do when they visit Havana?

I trust friend Phillips will not suspect me of attempting satire, for I am quite in earnest; why continue in any non-criminal line what are, if not "rash and ignoble experiments," at least obviously unsuccessful ones?

W. W. WINSLOW

An Admiral Objects

Washington, D. C

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I received my copy of your issue of August 7 quite recently, it having missed my summer address. I am therefore somewhat late in expressing my indignation at the contents of its leading article, "What Admirals Think."

The author would lead the reader to believe that the British have always been the champions of freedom of the seas, and that to-day it is the dearest wish of their hearts, and that the United States does not desire freedom of the seas, and that especially our admirals are against it. This is all precisely the reverse of true. If Mr. Mitchell is ignorant of the history of the War of 1812 and the history of our efforts in 1856 to make the Declaration of Paris contain a real clause assuring freedom of the seas, and Wilson's efforts to secure it at Versailles in 1919 (always thwarted by the British), surely the editor of The Outlook should not be, and the article should have been edited out.

The author speaks of Admiral Jones "talking vaguely at Geneva about gun elevations and cruisers." How does he know that he was vague? It might have been vague to Mr. Mitchell because he did not understand it, and nevertheless been clear to those concerned in the Conference.

There are misstatements in the article that might be forgiven in any one less cocksure than the author. Mr. Bryan never had an office in the building in which Admiral Hughes's office is located. And since when is it forbidden for the merchants of a neutral to sell actual munitions of war to a belligerent? According to the author, all of our munition factories were violating international law between 1914 and 1917 when they sold ammunition to the belligerents, whereas, we were entirely within our international legal rights in so doing.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH STRAUSS
Rear Admiral, U. S. N., Retired

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